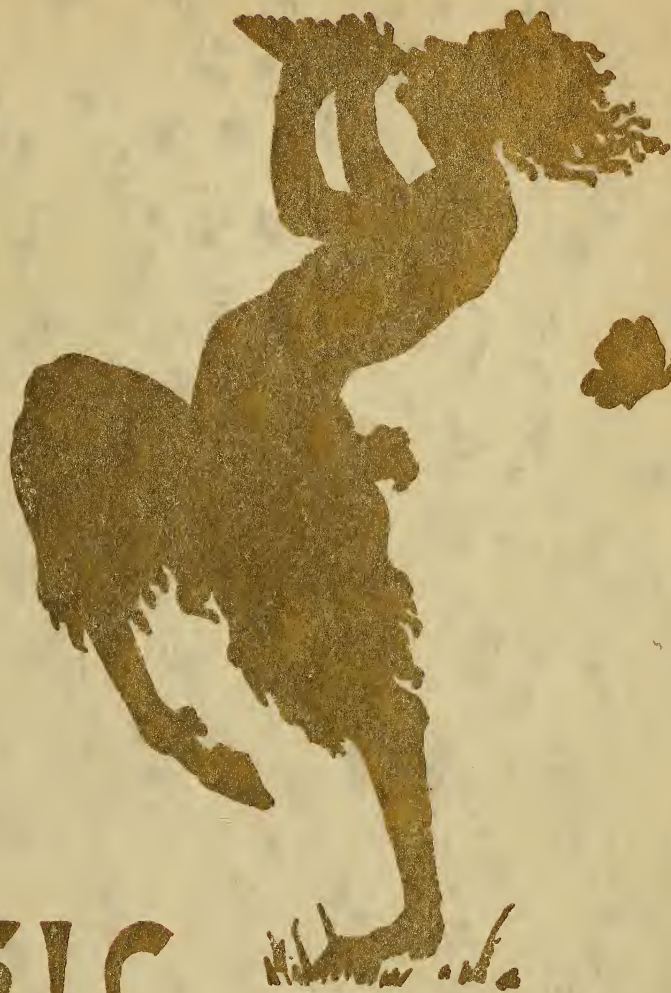


C
C81uZmf
1914

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



MUSIC
1914 FESTIVAL
CORNELL-UNIVERSITY
THE-AUDITORIUM

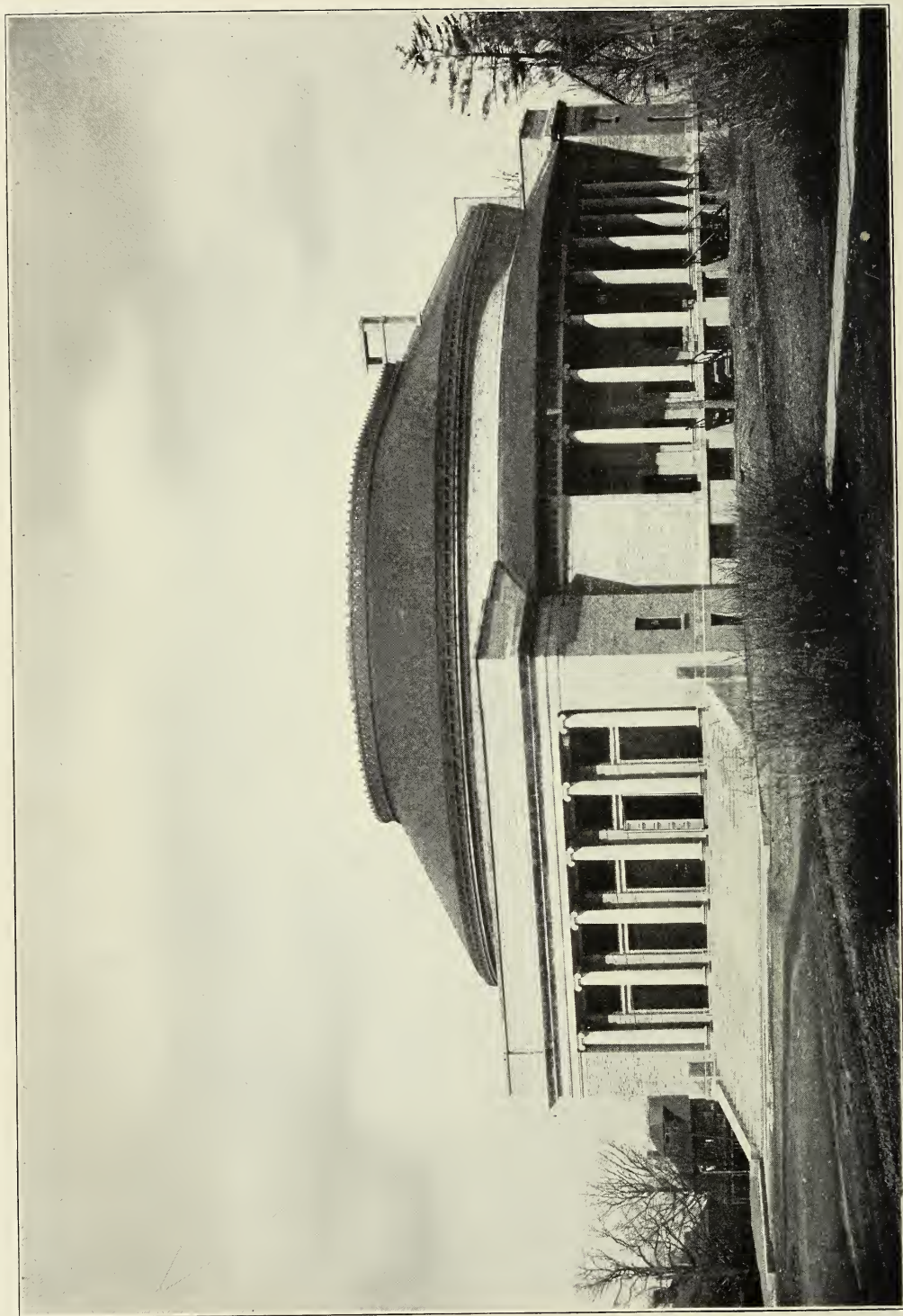
-APRIL - 30TH - MAY - 1ST - 2ND - C. M. D. J. O.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY
JUN 17 1915



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



The Auditorium

Green & Wicks, Architects

81vZmf
1914

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

HOLLIS DANN, Director

Ninth Annual Music Festival

THE AUDITORIUM

APRIL THIRTIETH

MAY FIRST AND SECOND

1914



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Music Committee

MR. ROGER B. WILLIAMS, Chairman

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE

MR. CHARLES E. TREMAN

Publicity Committee

LYNN B. TIMMERMAN, *Chairman*

R. E. TREMAN '09

A. L. CLARK '14

R. A. DOYLE '14

S. H. WORRELL '15

W. L. KLEITZ '15

Ushers

LYNN B. TIMMERMAN, *Head usher*

B. F. ARMSTRONG '14
C. K. BASSETT '14
A. K. BELL '14
T. J. CHAMBERLAIN '14
A. L. CLARK '14
R. L. CLAUSE '14
T. B. CREWS '14
A. C. DAY '14
R. A. DOYLE '14
H. W. FRITZ '14
S. G. GORDON '14
J. A. W. IGLEHART '14

F. M. INSINGER '14
A. W. KELLER '14
T. S. LONG '14
C. H. MATSON '14
M. M. MCHOSE '14
J. B. PUTNAM '14
R. P. REYNOLDS '14
N. S. STONE '14
C. V. TERKUILE '14
S. K. WELLMAN '14
G. M. WILLIAMSON '14
J. C. NULSEN '14

L. M. BLANCKE '15
W. C. COLYER '15
STANLEY COVILLE '15
ARTHUR DOLE, JR., '15
F. A. GEROULD '15
W. L. KLEITZ '15

H. M. MALLORY '15
H. H. MICOU '15
H. A. PHOENIX '15
G. P. REA '15
R. S. SAALFIELD '15
P. L. SCOTT '15

S. H. WORRELL, '15

The evening concerts, Thursday and Friday, will begin at 8:15.

The evening concert, Saturday, will begin at 8:00.

The afternoon concert, Saturday, will begin at 2:30.

The audience is earnestly requested to be seated at the appointed time. The doors will be closed when the concert begins and will not be reopened until some convenient point in the programme is reached.

The end of the intermission at each evening concert, will be signalized by a fanfare of trumpets.

Soloists

GRACE BONNER WILLIAMS.....	Soprano
FLORENCE MULFORD.....	Mezzo-Soprano
ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK	Contralto
LAMBERT MURPHY	Tenor
GWILYM MILES	Baritone
CASS WARD WHITNEY.....	Baritone
WILLARD FLINT	Bass
HARRY WEISBACH	Violinist

Orchestra

THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—60 MEN

FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS|

FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor

Chorus

THE FESTIVAL CHORUS—220 VOICES

HOLLIS DANN, Conductor

JAMES T. QUARLES.....Organist

First Concert

Thursday Evening, April 30

Soloist : MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK, Contralto

Programme

Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....*Beethoven*
Recitative and Aria from "Titus".....*Mozart*
Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau".....*Smetana*

Songs—

- a. Dawn in the Desert.....*Gertrude Ross*
- b. The Mother Sings.....*Edvard Grieg*
- c. Down in the Forest.....*Landon Ronald*
- d. The Nile*Xavier Leroux*
- e. Good Morning, Sue.....*Leo Delibes*

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Mrs. Katherine Hoffman
at the Piano

INTERMISSION

Selections from the Music Dramas of

RICHARD WAGNER

Das Rheingold—Finale, Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla.

Rienzi—Scena and Aria "Gerechter Gott."

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Parsifal—Procession of the Knights of the Holy Grail.

Siegfried—Voices of the Forest.

Die Meistersinger—Chorale "Awake" and Finale.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTORS

FREDERICK STOCK

HOLLIS DANN

STEINWAY PIANO USED

Second Concert

Friday Evening, May 1

Soloists : FLORENCE MULFORD, Contralto
LAMBERT MURPHY, Tenor
WILLARD FLINT, Baritone

Programme

- Overture to "Der Improvisator".....*d'Albert*
Nocturne and Scherzo from the Music to
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....*Mendelssohn*
Aria from "Grisélidis".....*Massenet*
Symphonic Poem "Omphale's Spinning Wheel".....*Saint-Saens*
Slavic Folk-Scene.....*Nowowiejski*
 CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....*Strauss*

INTERMISSION

OLAF TRYGVASSON

A Cantata for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Unfinished Drama by Björnstjerne Björnson set to music by
EDVARD GRIEG

- The Völva } FLORENCE MULFORD
A Woman }
The High Priest WILLARD FLINT
Elders, Priests, Priestesses and People.....THE FESTIVAL CHORUS

CONDUCTORS

FREDERICK STOCK

HOLLIS DANN

Third Concert

Saturday Afternoon, May 2

Symphony Concert

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor

Soloist: HARRY WEISBACH, Violinist

Programme

Overture, "Sakuntala" *Goldmark*

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Opus 67 *Beethoven*

Allegro con brio, C minor

Andante con moto, A flat major

Scherzo, C minor

Finale, C major

a. Andante *Mozart*

b. Mazurka *Volpe*

MR. WEISBACH

Hungarian Dances *Brahms-Dvorak*

No. 17 Andantino—Vivace, F-sharp minor

No. 18 Molto Vivace, D major

No. 19 Allegretto, B minor

No. 20 Poco Allegretto, E minor

No. 21 Vivace, E minor and major.

Fourth Concert

Saturday Evening, May 2

Faust

A LYRIC OPERA

THE MUSIC BY CHARLES GOUNOD

THE WORDS BY
WM. MICHEL CARRE AND JULES BARBIER
AFTER THE TRAGEDY BY GOETHE

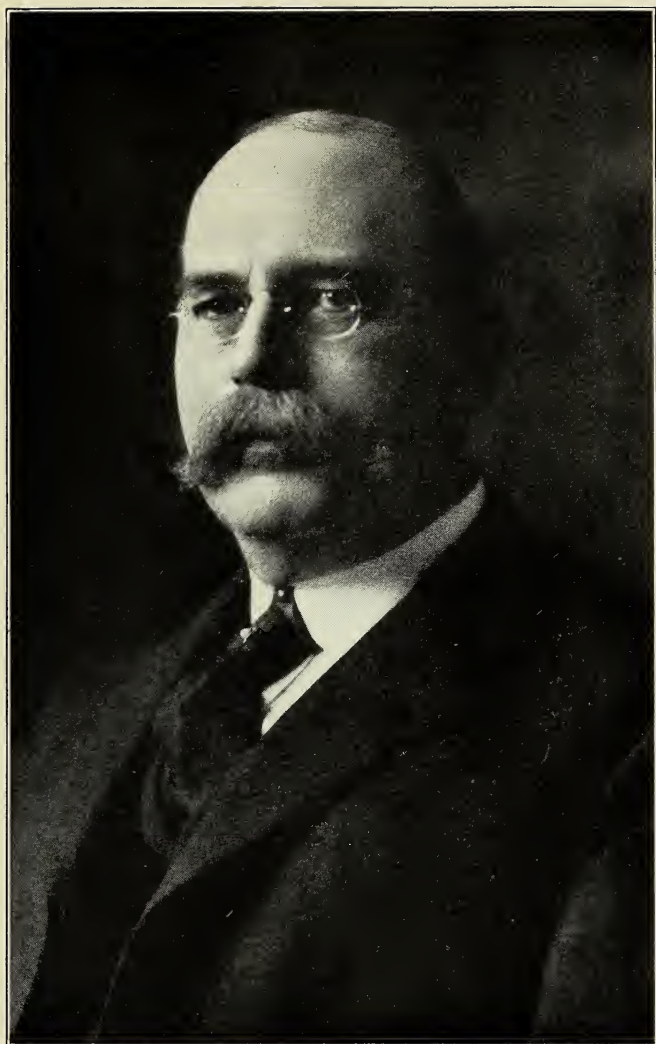
Characters

Faust.....	LAMBERT MURPHY
Mephistopheles.....	WILLARD FLINT
Valentine.....	GWILYM MILES
Wagner.....	CASS WARD WHITNEY
Margarita.....	GRACE BONNER WILLIAMS
Siebel	FLORENCE MULFORD
Martha	
Soldiers, Students	}
Peasants, Townspeople	
Priests, etc.	
	THE FESTIVAL CHORUS

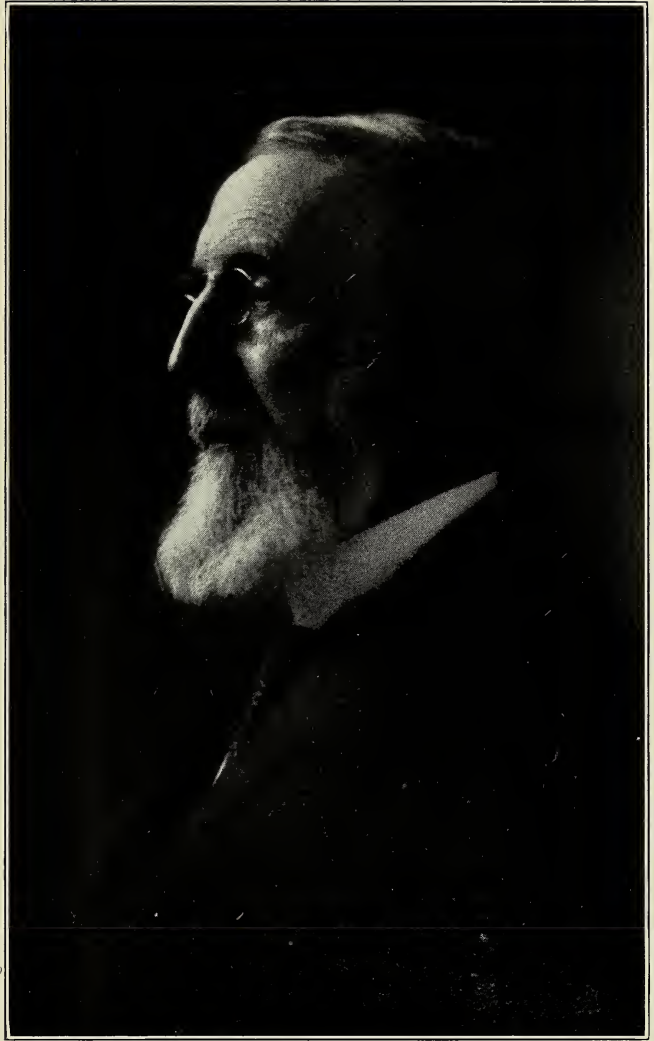
THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HOLLIS DANN, Conductor

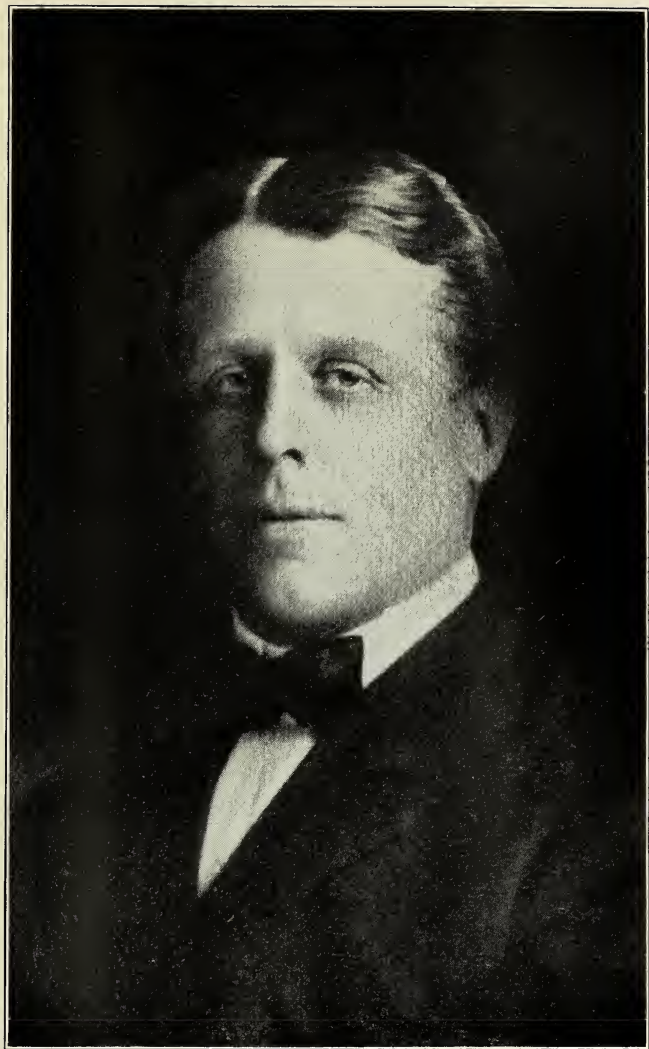
Intermission after the Third Act



Roger B. Williams



Andrew Dickson White



Charles E. Tremain



Ernestine Schumann-Heink

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



Grace Bonner Williams

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



Florence Mulford

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

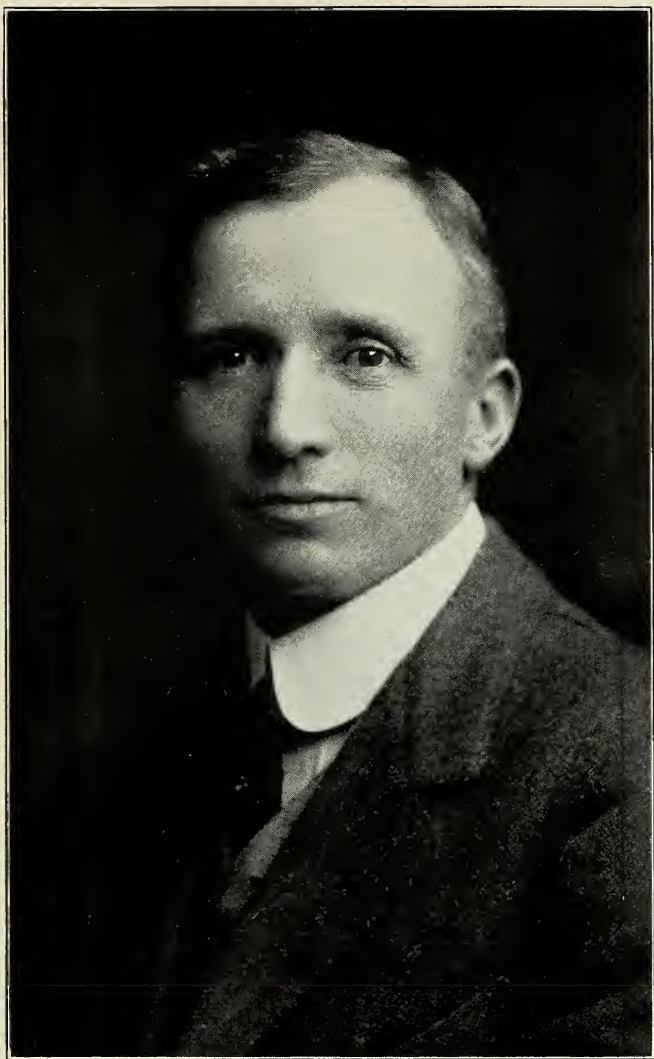


Frederick Stock

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

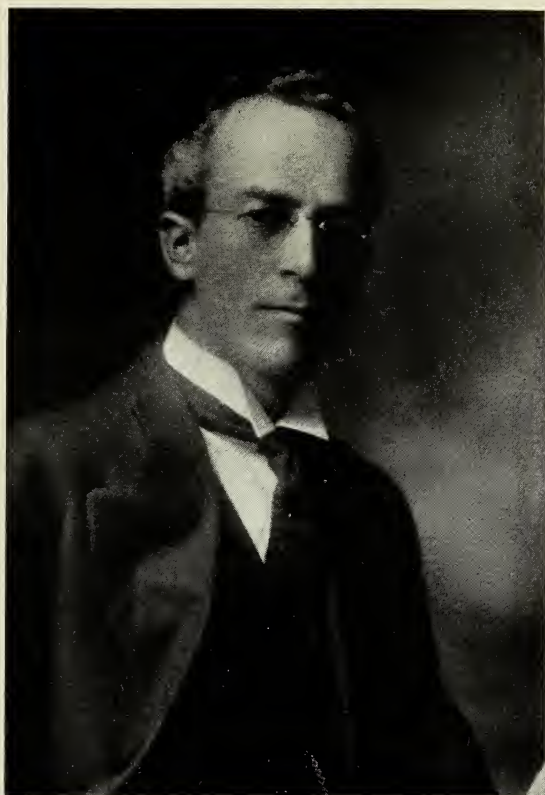


Lambert Murphy



Swilyn Miles

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



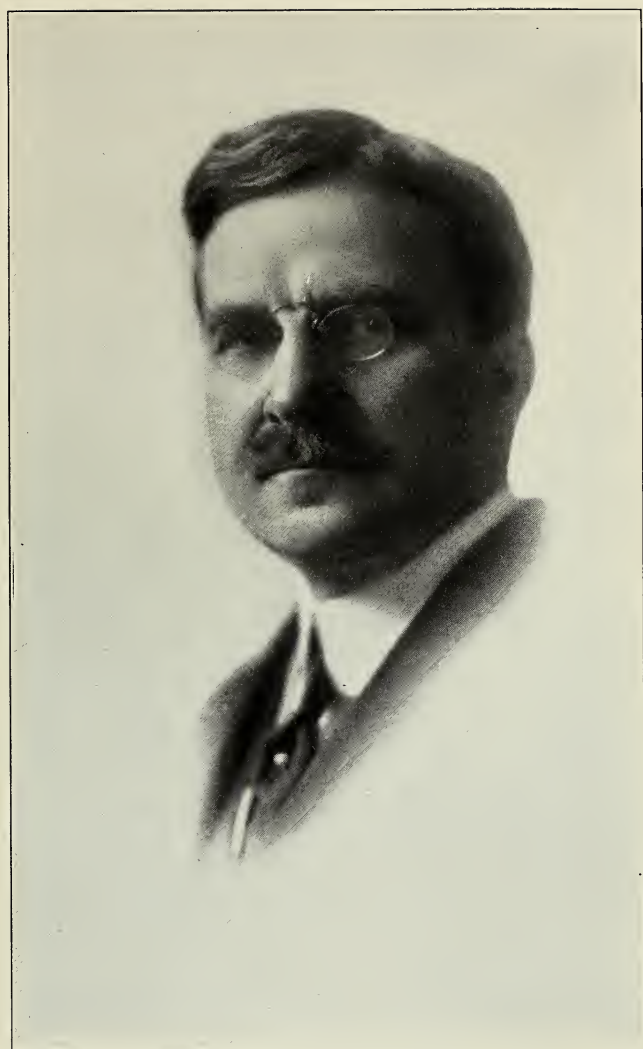
Willard Flint

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



Harry Weisbach

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



Hollis Bann

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Descriptive Programmes

FIRST CONCERT

Thursday Evening, April 30

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, 1770
Died at Vienna, 1827

The overture "LEONORE" in C, is the third of the four which Beethoven wrote for his one opera, *Fidelio*. It is universally regarded as the greatest of Beethoven's works.

How sketchy and fragmentary and full of hints and brief suggestions and abrupt changes it appears at first to one who only listens with the outward ear! But what a unity of the deepest sentiment burns throughout the whole! What intense and concentrated passion! Was ever instrumental music so dramatic? What a sense of utter, weary loneliness, as of an imprisoned soul, in those slowly sinking first notes, and that sighing crescendo, like a great ground swell from the ocean depths of the heart, which follows! How wonderfully suggestive that restless, yearning motive which stretches itself by suggestive efforts into the leading theme—the longing for love and liberty! What marvelous presentiment in those wild, sweet out-streamings of the horn tones, and in those expectant, cautious, little phrases so characteristic of this master, when he approaches the grand development and climaxes of his thought! The greatest is when the storm of emotion is at its height and we suddenly hear the distant trumpet announcing deliverance. And then that immense crescendo of the violins before the close! In no work of musical art are great expectations more greatly answered from beginning to end."

Wagner said of this "King of Overtures" as it has come to be called,— "Far from serving only as a musical introduction to the drama, it presents the same more completely and impressively than is done subsequently in the disconnected action of the play. This work is no longer an overture, but the most tremendous drama itself."

Recitative and Aria, "Non più di fiori", from the opera "TITUS"

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Born at Salzburg, 1756
Died at Vienna, 1791

Mozart wrote this opera, orchestrated it, rehearsed and staged it in eighteen days. Much of the work was sketched in the post-chaise which took him from Vienna to Prague, and not a little of it was completed in the inns at which he rested for the night. The story, and, indeed the libretto was very popular with eighteenth century composers; for between 1734 and 1797 it was set no fewer than nineteen times by different musicians.

Vitellia, a young Roman woman of high birth, who has been wronged by the Emperor Titus, goads on her lover Sextus, a young patrician, to avenge her, and murder the Emperor. Titus, meanwhile, has divorced his foreign wife, and has determined to marry Vitellia, for the Roman people will that the Empress should herself be a Roman. The attempt of Sextus to murder Titus is unsuccessful; he is captured and condemned to death. Vitellia determines to throw herself at the Emperor's feet, and confess her part in the plot, hoping thereby to rescue her lover.

RECITATIV

Ecco il punto, o Vitellia, d'esaminar la tua costanza.
 Avrai valor, che basti, a rimirare e sangue il tuo Sesto fedel?
 Sesto, che t'ama più della vita sua? che per tua colpa divenne reo?
 che t'ubbidì, crudele? che ingiusta, t'adora? che in faccia a morte si gran
 fede ti serba?
 e tu frattanto, non ignota a te stessa, andrai tranquilla al talamo d'Augusto?
 Ah! mi vedrei sempre Sesto d'intorno.
 E l'aure e i seccia temerci che loquaci mi scoprisseo a Tito.
 A piedi suoi vadasi il tutto a palesar,
 Si scemi il delitto di Sesto, se scusar non si può col fallo mio.
 D'impero e d'Imenei speranze, addio!

ARIE

Non più di fiori vaghe catene, discenda Imene ad intrecciar.
 Stretta fra barbare, aspre ritorte, veggo la morte ver me avanzar!
 Infelice! qual orrore!
 Ah—di me che si dirà?
 Chi vedesse il mio dolore, pur avria di me pietà.

RECITATIVE (VITELLIA)

The hour has come, Vitellia, the great hour that will test thy loyalty.
 Canst thou see the noble and loyal Sextus bleed for thee?
 Sextus that loves thee more than his life and for thy sake has become a criminal?
 He obeyed thy rage; he loves thee more than thou dost deserve; by his death he will
 show his loyalty to thee.
 And wilt thou joyous share the throne of Titus, with thy guilt deeper hidden in thy
 heart?
 Would not Sextus' image ever haunt thee?
 The breezes and the palace walls betray my secret to Titus whom thou deceived!
 No, at his feet will I confess my crime!
 By this confession will I lighten my Sextus' wrong;
 And if I cannot rescue him, I forever bid adieu to royal power and the hope of love!

ARIA

Never will Hymen with smiles entice me;
 Never will deck me his myrtle crown!
 Shadows arise from the grave's dark vaults;
 Threatening surrounds me the paleness of Death!
 Unhappy, curses and shame follow me even to exile.
 If my sufferings thou didst know, thou wouldst realize my anguish.
 If my sufferings thou didst know, thou wouldst weep for all my pain.

Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau"

FRIEDRICH SMETANA

Born at Leitomisch, 1824
 Died at Prague, 1884

Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau," is the second of a cycle of six similar works which their composer intended should glorify the country of his birth.

Friedrich Smetana was not only "the first Bohemian tone-poet and the founder of Bohemian music," but he was a patriot who labored unceasingly in his art to shed lustre upon the music of his land and to bring before the world the glories of its history and the strength and power of its race.

The score of "The Moldau" is prefixed by the following explanatory program: "Two springs pour forth their streams in the shade of the Bohemian forest, the one warm and gushing, the other cold and tranquil. Their waves, joyfully flowing over their rocky beds, unite and sparkle in the morning sun. The forest brook, rushing on, becomes the River Moldau, which, with its waters speeding through Bohemia's valleys, grows into a mighty stream. It flows through dense woods in which are heard the joyous sounds of the hunt, and the notes of the hunter's horn are heard ever nearer and nearer. It flows through emerald meadows and lowlands where there is being celebrated with song and dancing a wedding feast. At night in its shining waves the wood and water nymphs hold their revels, and in these waves are reflected many a fortress and castle—witnesses of bygone splendor of chivalry and the vanished martial fame of days that are no more. At the Rapids of St. John the stream speeds on, winding its way through cataracts and hewing the path for its foaming waters through the rocky chasm into the broad river-bed in which it flows on in majestic calm toward Prague, welcomed by time-honored Vysehrad, to disappear in the far distance from the poet's gaze."

Songs

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

(a) *Dawn in the Desert**Gertrude Ross*

Great spaces and the breath of desert winds,
 Silence and peace beyond our thought;
 Gold clouds in an infinite stretch of blue,
 Gold on the sands, in the air, and dawn is here.
 A faint glimmer of light in the East,
 Then suddenly, up from the sand itself,
 Golden and wonderful, the monarch of this world, the sun !

(b) *The Mother Sings**Edvard Grieg*

Darling lies in the coffin, deep in the dark, dark mould,
 There's the hood that I gave her, lined with red, red gold.
 Down in her narrow coffin my little maid's at rest,
 Cold her small hands are folded over her quiet breast.
 Ever at night I am lonely while on the bay tempests rave,
 Tearing all of the blossoms from my dear child's grave.

(c) *Down in the Forest**Landon Ronald*

Down in the forest something stirred:
 So faint that I scarcely heard.
 But the forest leapt at the sound,
 Like a good ship homeward bound.

Down in the forest something stirred :
 It was only the note of a bird.

Now in the morning of life I stand,
 And I long for the touch of your hand :
 I am here, I am here at your door,
 Oh, love, we will wait no more !

Down in the forest something stirred :
 It was only the note of a bird.

(d) *The Nile**Xavier Leroux*

The Nile's pale waters are silently creeping
 Under the starlit sky above. Ah !
 On either shore, lines of sphinxes are sleeping. Ah !
 While between, our bark doth move.

He that I love, leaning there at the prow,
 Gazes with eyes all tender on me:
 I lean back, my head down, and throw
 My golden hair over his knee.

Then thte great sphinxes on vague endless plains,
 Wachng us slowly passing through,
 Mysteriously pour harmonious strains,
 Descending, as love, on us two.

(e) *Good Morning, Sue**Leo Delibes*

Good morning, Sue, my fleur-de-lis,
 And are you still the prettiest maid here ?
 I'm home again, as you may see,
 From Italy and far away, dear.
 I've travelled Paradise all through,
 I've made love and verses too.
 But why should you care ?
 I'm passing by your door to-day,
 So let me in, I pray.
 Good morning, Sue.

In lilac time I saw you last,
 Your merry heart was just awaking,
 And then you told me,—“Not so fast,
 You cannot have me for the taking.”
 What have you done while I was gone ?
 He comes too late who leaves too soon.
 But why should I care ?
 I'm passing by your door to-day,
 So let me in, I pray.
 Good morning, Sue.

Das Rheingold - - Finale

RICHARD WAGNER

Born at Leipsig, 1813
 Died at Venice, 1883

Wagner began the poem of “Das Rheingold” in 1852. The following year he commenced work on the music, and the composition came to its completion in January, 1854.

“Well, Rheingold is done,” the composer wrote to Liszt, January 15. “With what faith, with what joy I began this music ! In a real frenzy of despair I have at last continued and completed it. Alas ! how I, too, was walled in by the need of gold ! Believe me, no one has ever composed like this ; I fancy my music is fearful ; it is a pit of terrors and grandeurs.”

The story of “Das Rheingold” is concerned with the gold that, having been given into the keeping of the Rhine maidens, is stolen by the Nibelung dwarf, Alberich, who had been told by the mocking Rhine daughters that only he who forswore love could obtain possession of the treasure, which, if fashioned into a ring, would confer unlimited power on its owner. Wotan, in order to assure himself of a secure place from which to govern the world, has had a marvelous citadel built for himself and the gods by the two giants, Fasolt and Fafner, to whom he has promised Freia, the goddess of youth and beauty. When the giants arrive to claim their payment, Wotan temporizes. He has sent Loge round the world to discover something that the giants would take instead of the goddess, and the messenger returns, even as Fasolt and Fafner are demanding Freia. Loge narrates the story of Alberich, who had stolen the Rheingold and fashioned it into a ring that conferred endless power on its possessor. The giants are filled with desire to obtain this ring, and they agree to renounce their claims to Freia if Wotan will wrest it from Alberich and give it into their keeping. Wotan obtains the Rheingold by cunning, but in his wrath Alberich curses the ring, and all who may possess it. Not joy shall it bring,

but only pain, and fear, and death. In the fourth and last scene of "Das Rheingold" the giants are given possession of the ring. The curse begins to work. Fafner and Fasolt quarrel for the ownership of the treasure, and the latter is slain. Horror falls on the onlooking gods, and to clear the air, Donner conjures up a thunder storm. As the clouds disappear, a rainbow, blindingly radiant, is seen to stretch from the valley to Wotan's castle, Walhalla, which, illumined by the evening sun, gleams with scintillating brilliance. It is at this point that the present excerpt begins.

Wotan hails the citadel, and led by Wotan and Fricka, the gods pass slowly to Walhalla over the rainbow. From below there is heard the mournful cry of the Rhine maidens lamenting their lost treasure.

Rienzi. Scena and Aria, "Gerechter Gott"

RICHARD WAGNER

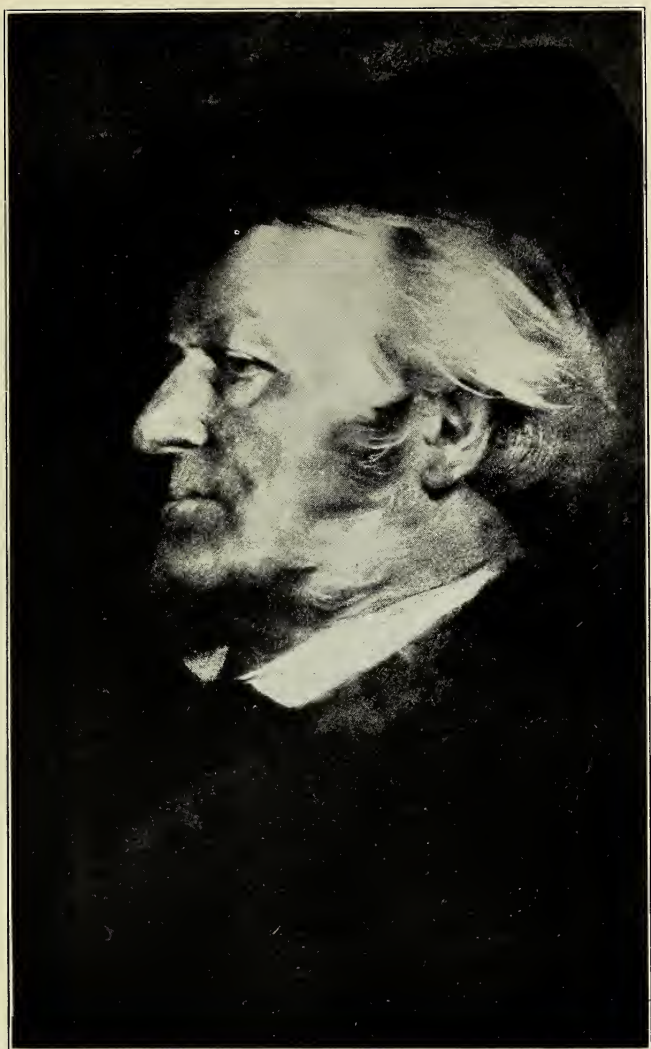
This excerpt from Wagner's opera "Rienzi" is drawn from the third act, in which it is sung by Adriano Colonna, who is torn by conflicting passions—his loyalty to his father and the Roman nobles, who are arrayed against Rienzi, the Tribune, and his love for the latter's sister, Irene.

SCENA

Gerechter Gott, so ist's entschieden schon !
 Nach Waffen schreit das Volk—kein Traum ist's möhr !
 O Erde, nimm mich Jammervollen auf !
 Wo giebt's ein Schicksal, das dem meinen gleicht ?
 Wer liess mich dir verfallen, finst're Macht ?
 Rienzi, Unheilvoller, welch' ein Loos
 Beschwurst du auf diess unglücksel'ge Haupt !
 Wohin wend' ich die irren Schritte ?
 Wohin diess Schwert, des Ritters vier ?
 Wend' ich's auf dich, Ihrenens Bruder . . .
 Zier' ich's auf meines Vaters Haupt ?—

ARIA

In seiner Blüthe bleicht mein Leben,
 Dahin ist all' mein Ritterthum;
 Der Thaten Hoffnung ist verloren,
 Mein Haupt krönt nimmer Glück and Ruhm.
 Mir trübem Flor umhüllet sich
 Mein Stern im ersten Jugendglanz;
 Durch dust're Gluthen dringet selbst
 Der schönsten Liebe Strahl in's Herz.—
 (*Man hort Signale geben von der Sturmglöcke.*)
 Wo bin ich ? Ha, wo war ich jetzt ?—
 Die Glocke—! Gott, es wird zu spät !
 Was nun beginnen !—Ha, nur Ein's !
 Hinaus zum Vater will ich flieh'n;
 Versöhnung glückt vielleicht dem Sohne.
 Er muss mich hören, denn sein' Knie
 Umfassend sterbe willig ich.
 Auch der Tribun wird milde sein;
 Zum Frieden wandl' ich glüh'nden Hass !
 Du Gnadengott, zu dir fleh' ich,
 Der Lieb' in jeder Brust entflammt :
 Mit Kraft und Segen rüste mich,
 Versöhnung sei mein heilig Amt !



Richard Wagner

SCENE

Just God, so 'tis already decided ! The people cry for arms—'tis no longer a dream ! O Earth, engulf me, lamentable one ! Where is a fate that's like to mine ? Who let me fall thy victim, dark Power ? Rienzi, thou disastrous one, what a fate didst thou conjure upon this hapless head ! Whither shall I wend my wandering steps ? Whither this sword, the knight's adornment ? Shall I turn it toward thee, Irene's brother. . . . Shall I draw it against my father's head ?

ARIA

My life fades in its blossom; all my knighthood is gone; the hope of deeds is lost; happiness and fame shall never crown my head. My star shrouds itself in murky crape in its first brightness of youth; through sombre glows even the ray of the beautifullest love pierces me to the heart. (*Tocsin signals are heard.*) Where am I ? Ha ! where was I but now ?—The tocsin ! God, 'tis soon too late ! What shall I do ! Ha ! only one thing. I will flee outside the walls to my father; perhaps his son will succeed in reconciliation. He must hear me, for I will die willingly, grasping his knees. The Tribune, too, will be merciful; I will turn glowing hatred to peace ! Thou God of mercy, to Thee I pray ! who inflamest every bosom with love : arm me with strength and blessing; let reconciliation be my sacred office !

English Translation by William F. Aporp.

Parsifal Procession of the Knights of the Holy Grail. RICHARD WAGNER

This is the closing scene of the first act. Parsifal, the guileless youth, has been conducted by the old Knight Gurnemanz to the castle of Montsalvat, built by King Titurel and his knights as a sanctuary for the Holy Grail. In this castle King Amfortas lies stricken with the wound given him by the magician Klingsor, who, sensual and worldly, has been forbidden entrance into the ranks of the Grail Knights. To revenge himself Klingsor seeks to bring about the downfall of the knights by the seductive cunning of lovely women. Amfortas succumbed to the wiles of one of these, —Kundry—and, while the king is ensnared in the meshes of this woman, Klingsor snatches from him the holy spear which had once pierced the Savior's side, and which had been, together with the Holy Grail, committed to the care of the Knights of Montsalvat. With this spear Klingsor gives Amfortas a wound that nothing can cure. Only can he be healed by one enlightened by pity, "the guileless fool."

Gurnemanz believes that it may be possible for Parsifal to be he who may restore his master, and he takes him into the hall of the castle, into which the Knights of the Grail enter in solemn procession that they may be given renewed strength by the uncovering of the Grail. King Amfortas is brought in on a litter, while the knights are standing at two long tables upon which cups have been placed. When Amfortas has uncovered the Grail, and the sacred chalice has been returned to its shrine, the cups on the table are seen to be filled with wine, and beside each one is a piece of bread. All the knights sit down and Gurnemanz beckens Parsifal to take his place beside him, but the latter stands as if struck dumb and motionless by the sights that he has seen. The knights rise from their repast, and depart in the solemn procession with which they had entered the hall. Only Parsifal remains still motionless. Gurnemanz questions him as to the meaning of that which he has seen. Parsifal shakes his head; he has comprehended nothing. Gurnemanz pushes Parsifal out in anger, and as he follows the departing knights the curtain descends upon the scene.

Siegfried Voices of the Forest.

RICHARD WAGNER

This piece was arranged by Wagner for concert use from parts of the scene before Fafner's cave in the second act of "Siegfried." He gave it the title "Waldweben" (Life and stir of the Forest). The piece is free in form.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's description of the scene, from "The Perfect Wagnerite" (London, 1898), may serve here as commentary :—

"Mime makes a final attempt to frighten Siegfried by discoursing of the dragon's terrible jaws, poisonous breath, corrosive spittle, and deadly, stinging tail. Siegfried is not interested in the tail : he wants to know whether the dragon has a heart, being confident of his ability to stick Nothing into it if he exists. Reassured on this point, he drives Mime away, and stretches himself under the trees, listening to the morning chatter of the birds. One of them has a great deal to say to him, but he cannot understand it; and, after vainly trying to carry on the conversation with a reed which he cuts, he takes to entertaining the bird with tunes on his horn, asking it to send him a loving mate, such as all the other creatures of the forest have. His tunes wake up the dragon, and Siegfried makes merry over the grim mate the bird has sent him. Fafner is highly scandalized by the irreverence of the young Bakoonin. He loses his temper; fights; and is forthwith slain, to his own great astonishment. In such conflicts one learns to interpret the message of Nature a little. When Siegfried, stung by the dragon's vitriolic blood, pops his finger into his mouth and tastes it, he understands what the bird is saying to him, and, instructed by it concerning the treasures within his reach, goes into the cave to secure the gold, the ring, and the wishing cap. Then Mime returns and is confronted by Alberich. The two quarrel furiously over the sharing of the booty they have not yet secured, until Siegfried comes from the cave with the ring and the helmet, not much impressed by the heap of gold, and disappointed because he has not yet learned to fear. He has, however, learnt to read the thoughts of such a creature as poor Mime, who, intending to overwhelm him with flattery and fondness, only succeeds in making such a self-revelation of murderous envy that Siegfried smites him with Nothing and slays him, to the keen satisfaction of the hidden Alberich. Caring nothing for the gold, which he leaves to the care of the slain, disappointed in his fancy for learning fear, and longing for a mate, he casts himself wearily down, and again appeals to his friend the bird, who tells him of a woman sleeping on a mountain peak within a fortress of fire that only the fearless can penetrate. Siegfried is up in a moment with all the tumult of spring in his veins, and follows the flight of the bird as it pilots him to the fiery mountain."

Die Meistersinger, Chorale "Awake" and Finale.

RICHARD WAGNER

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

This chorus is sung in the last act of "Die Meistersinger" after the mastersingers have arrived to take part in the song contest, the prize of which is to be the hand of Eva, the lovely daughter of Pogner, the gold-

smith. Eva and her father occupy seats of honor on the platform; the banner of the mastersingers has been planted by their side, and Hans Sachs steps forward to address the throng. It is at this point that the people, at the appearance of their beloved cobbler-poet, break forth into the chorus now to be sung. The subject of this is a Chorale, attributed to Hans Sachs himself.

CHORALE

"Awake ! draws nigh the break of day;
I hear upon the hawthorn spray
A bonny little nightingale,
His voice resounds o'er hill and dale;
The night descends the western sky,
And from the east the morn draws nigh,
With red ardor the flush of day
Breaks through the cloud-banks dull and grey."
Hail to Nürnberg's darling Sachs !

FINALE

Honor your German masters,
If you would stay disasters;
For while they dwell in every heart,
Though should depart the pride of other lands,
Still thrives at home our sacred German Art.
Hail ! Sachs ! Nürnberg's darling Sachs !

SECOND CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 1

Overture to "Der Improvisator."

EUGENE D'ALBERT

Born at Glasgow, 1864

Eugène d'Albert is the composer of ten operas, of which "Der Improvisator" is the sixth. The story of d'Albert's work is derived from a prose drama by Victor Hugo, "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue," but alterations were made in certain details of its presentation.

Arthur Smolian, who reviewed the works of Eugène d'Albert in the second volume of "Monographien Moderner Musiker," suggests that the overture to "The Improvisatore" should be labeled "Carnival in Padua," and it may be mentioned in connection with this suggestion that carnival scenes form the opening of the third act of d'Albert's work.

The first American performance of this overture was by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, at Chicago, October 25, 1902.

Nocturne and Scherzo, from the Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Born at Hamburg, 1809

Died at Leipsig, 1847

Mendelssohn and his sister read translations of Shakespeare's plays in 1826. The overture "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written that year.

Mendelssohn's music to the play consists of thirteen numbers and was composed in 1843 at the request of the King of Prussia. "We were mentioning yesterday," wrote Fanny Mendelssohn on October 18, 1843, "what an important part the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' has played in our house, and how we had all at different ages gone through the whole of the parts from Peasblossom to Hermia and Helena. * * * Felix especially, has made it his own, almost recreating the characters which had sprung from Shakespeare's exhaustless genius. He has really made it so wholly his own that he has reproduced in music what Shakespeare produced in words, from the splendid and really festal wedding march to the mournful music on Thisbe's death, the delightful fairy songs and dances, and entr'actes—all men, spirits and clowns, he has set forth in precisely the same spirit in which Shakespeare had before him."

NOCTURNE. This is an entr'acte between Acts III and IV. It is a commentary on the sleep of the two pairs of lovers in the wood at the close of the third act. A melodious part song is sung by horns and bassoons with the melody in the first horn; a middle voice is now and then doubled by a clarinet. There is a simple bass of 'cellos and double-basses.

SCHERZO. (Entr'acts between Acts I and II). "Presumably Mendelssohn intended the scherzo as a purely musical reflection of the scene in Quince's house—the first meeting to discuss the play to be given by the workmen at the wedding, with which the first act ends. Indeed there is a passing allusion to Nick Bottom's bray in it. But the general character of the music is light and fairy-like, with nothing of the grotesque about it."

Aria from the Prologue to "Grisélidis,"

JULES MASSENET

Born at Montaud, France, 1842

Died at Paris, 1912

Ouvrez-vous sur mon front, portes du paradis !
 Je vais revoir Grisélidis !
 Les grands cieux où descend le soir,
 Les cieux tendus d'or et de soie,
 Les grands cieux sont comme un miroir,
 Ils reflètent toute ma joie.
 Ouvrez-vous sur mon front, portes du paradis !
 Je vais revoir Geisélidis !

Voir Geisélidis, c'est connaître,
 Dans la grâce exquise d'un être,
 Tout ce qui peut plaire et charmer :
 Voir Grisélidis, c'est l'aimer !
 Elle est au jardin des tendresses
 Non pas la rose, mais le lys.
 Ses beaux yeux clairs, de leurs chastes caresses
 N'ont jamais consolé les fronts par eux pâlis.

Gates of Paradise, open wide for me—
 I see once more Grisélidis !
 The heavens where is born the night
 In gold and silken pageantry,
 The heavens are a surface bright
 To mirror back my ecstasy !
 Gates of Paradise, open wide for me,
 I see once more Grisélidis !

In fair Grisélidis you see
 True loveliness' epitome,
 And graces that outshine the day—
 Ah, see her, and you love for aye !
 The lily, not the rose is she
 Among the flowers in Love's demesne;
 The chaste caresses of her shining eyes
 Bring bitter pain to hearts that ever crave the pain !

Symphonic Poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" Opus 31

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
Born at Paris, 1835

"Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns's first symphonic poem, was composed in 1871. It was originally a rondo for piano and then orchestrated.

This note is printed on the fly-leaf of the orchestral score :—

The subject of this symphonic poem is feminine seductiveness, the triumphant struggle of weakness against strength. The spinning wheel is only a pretext; it is chosen merely from the view-point of rhythm and the general aspect of the piece.

Persons who are interested in looking up details will see on page 19 (letter J), Hercules groaning in the bonds he cannot break, and on page 32 (letter L), Omphale mocking the vain efforts of the hero.

The music is free in form; it is an example of tone-painting and does not easily admit of rigid analysis. An arpeggiated figure alternates between the lower register of the flute and the violins. This figure is more and more contracted until in a chain of trills there is a characterization of the spinning-wheel at work, and the chief theme, conspicuous by its elegance, is exposed. This play is maintained through harmonic changes. A broad phrase in C-sharp minor rises heavily from the 'cellos and double-basses. It is repeated several times in melodic progression, each with stronger and richer instrumentation. It is the voice of Hercules, who would fain rend his bonds asunder. Louder and louder waxes the complaint, and the oboe, the coquettishly ironical voice of Omphale, answers in mockery. The hero realizes the vanity of the struggle. The chief theme reappears in a still more lightsome form; the music grows fainter; the figure of the spinning-wheel dies out in the topmost notes of flutes and the harmonics of violins.

* * * * *

Omphale was one of the noblest dames of antiquity. She was the daughter of the Lydian king, Jardanus, or Jardanes; and her husband was Tmolus, the god of a mountain and the father of Tantalus, and it was he that decided the musical contest between Pan and Apollo. After the death of her husband Omphale undertook the government. Now, after Hercules in a fit of madness slew his friend Iphitus, he fell grievously sick, and the oracle announced that he would not be released from this sickness unless he served some one for wages and for three years, and these wages were paid the family of Iphitus. Hermes, therefore, sold him to Omphale, and by her Hercules had a son.

Such is the more sober version of the story. Following are a few of the many variations :

Jeremy Collier tells the tale in these few words : "Omphale, Queen of Lydia and wife of Hercules, by whose Charms, they tell us, he was so much overcome, as that quitting his Club, he learn'd to Spin with her. 'Tis said that he gain'd her favour first by killing of a serpent, which destroy'd the country near the River Sangaris."

Plutarch : "But after that by fortune he (Hercules) had slayne Ip-hitus with his owne handes, and that he was passed over the seas into the countrie of Lydia, where he served Queene Omphale a long time, condemn-ing him selfe unto that voluntarie payne, for the murder he had committed. All the Realme of Lydia during his abode there, remained in great peace and securite."

Poets and satirists and gossipers of antiquity were not so much inter-ested in the brave deeds done in Omphale's country as in showing the hero subjugated by a woman. Thus Propertius sings of Omphale, "this young Lydian woman," who saw "the fame of her charms reach such a height that the strong hand which planted the pillars of the world did not dis-dain to spin his task at the knees of the fair one."

Ovid makes Deianeira, in her epistle to her husband, Hercules, com-plain that she had become the stepmother of the Lydian Lamon. "The Meander, which loses its way in the same lands, and often turns back upon itself its wearied water, has seen necklaces hung about the neck of Her-cules, about that neck for which the sky were a light burden. Nor has he been ashamed to band his sturdy arms with golden bracelets and to cover his nervous fingers with precious stones. * * * Your strong fingers, O Hercules, now weave a coarse woof, and you apportion tasks, in the name of a fair one who makes it your duty ! Ah, how often your untried fingers twist the thread, how often the spindle is broken by your clumsy hands ! Then, wretched one, they say that you, all in a tremble, fall at the feet of your mistress."

Lucian, in the dialogue between OEsculapius and Hercules, who, re-cently-made deities, quarrel in the presence of Jupiter about precedence, puts into the mouth of the famous leech this bitter taunt : "Besides, if I could allege nothing else in my behalf, I never was a servant, and never carded wool in Lydia, and never wore a woman's purple gown, and never got a slap on the face by Omphale's golden slipper."

Slavic Folk Scene, Opus 18

FELIX NOWOWIEJSKI

Born at Wortenburg, Poland, 1875

The Slavic Folk-Scene, dedicated to M. Ignace Paderewski, is a char-acteristic and spirited setting of a Czechish poem by Marya Konopnicka. The verse is a vivid, realistic picture of one of those remarkable peasant dances for which Slavonic Europe is so famous. The English verses are a paraphrase of the German translation, and while differing from the original in some specific phrases, follow carefully the general idea. The words of the English version, for which a special edition was published for The Men-delssohn Choir of Toronto, were composed and adapted by Mr. J. E. Mid-dleton, journalist, of Toronto, and for some years past a member of The Mendelssohn Choir.*

* The use of the Slavic Folk-Scene at this Festival was made possible by the courtesy of the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, Dr. A. S. Vogt.

SLAVIC FOLK SCENE

Sing, oh sing, a joyous measure,
 Life is Heaven's richest treasure.
 Village viol, sweetly play,
 Let us dance the hours away.
 Summer whispers from the west,
 "Choose the lass you love the best."
 Dance away in mad delight,
 Pockets full and spirits light !

Dewy lips of parted red,
 Youth is ours and care is dead,
 Whirl across the village green,
 Love is smiling at the scene !
 Pretty luck for lovers bold,
 Pockets full of yellow gold.
 Buy a ribbon for your sweet,
 Fairy form and flying feet.

If upon your happy way
 Famine should be met to-day,
 To the left or to the right,
 You may turn with laughter light.
 Or should sorrow stand beside you,
 Grief, awaiting to deride you,
 Love and laughter blithe and gay
 Are companions of to-day.

Love will never seek to borrow,
 From the store-house of to-morrow;
 Eyes of brown are gaily glancing,
 Ah ! the joy, the joy of dancing;
 Louder, louder, viols singing,
 To the past to-day is winging;
 Day of joy to peasants giving
 All the happiness of living.

Once a-more a-down the grass,
 Leave the lovers room to pass !
 Joy is flaming high to-day,
 Frowning fellow clear the way !

—English version by J. E. Middleton.

Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Opus 24

RICHARD STRAUSS

Born at Munich, 1864

On the fly-leaf of the orchestral score of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" is printed a poem, of which the following is a literal prose translation by W. F. Apthorp :

In the bare little room, dimly lighted by only a candle-end, lies the sick man on his bed. But just now he has wrestled despairingly with Death. Now he has sunk exhausted into sleep, and thou hearest only the soft ticking of the clock on the wall in the room, whose awful silence gives a foreboding of the nearness of death. Over the sick man's pale features plays a sad smile. Dreams he, on the boundary of life, of the golden time of childhood ?

But Death does not long grant sleep and dreams to his victim. Cruelly he shakes him awake, and the fight begins afresh. Will to live and power of Death ! What frightful wrestling !—Neither bears off the victory, and all is silent once more !



Richard Strauss

Sunk back tired of battle, sleepless, as in fever-frenzy, the sick man now sees his life pass before his inner eye, trait by trait and scene by scene. First the morning red of childhood, shining bright in pure innocence! Then the youth's saucier play—exerting and trying his strength—till he ripens to the man's fight, and now burns with hot lust after the highest prizes of life.

The one high purpose that has led him through life was to shape all he saw transfigured into a still more transfigured form. Cold and sneering, the world sets barrier upon barrier in the way of his achievement. If he thinks himself near his goal, a "Halt!" thunders in his ear. "Make the barrier thy stirrup! Ever higher and onward go!" And so he pushes forward, so he climbs, desists not from his sacred purpose. What he has ever sought with his heart's deepest yearning, he still seeks in his death-sweat. Seeks—alas! and finds it never. Whether he comprehends it more clearly, or that it grows upon him gradually, he can yet never exhaust it, can not complete it in his spirit. Then clangs the last stroke of Death's iron hammer, breaks the earthly body in twain, covers the eye with the night of death.

But from the heavenly spaces sounds mightily to greet him what he yearningly sought for here; deliverance from the world, transfiguration of the world!

The authorship of the poem was for some years unknown, and the prevailing impression was that the poem suggested the music. As a matter of fact, Alexander Ritter wrote the poem after he was well acquainted with Strauss's score; and when the score was sent to the publisher the poem was sent with it for insertion.

"Death and Transfiguration" may be divided into sections, closely joined, and for each one a portion of the poem may serve as motto.

I. *Largo*, C Minor, D-flat Major. The chief death motive is a synopated figure, given to the second violins and violas. The sick man's fancies are indicated in a passage for the wood-wind accompanied by horns and harps, and the thought of his youth is expressed by a simple melody,—the childhood motive, announced by the oboe.

II. *Allegro moto agitato*, C Minor. Death approaches. There are harsh double blows in quick succession. The fever motive begins in the basses and wildly dissonant chords shriek at the end of the climbing motive. There is a mighty crescendo, the chief death motive is heard. The struggle begins (full orchestra *fff*). The sick man sinks exhausted. Trombones, 'cellos and violas intone the beginning of the transfiguration scene, just as death is about to triumph. "And again all is still!" The mysterious death motive knocks.

III. And now the dying man dreams, dreams and sees visions. The childhood motive returns. There is again the joy of youth. The fight of manhood with the world's prizes is waged again, waged fiercely. "Halt!" thunders in his ears, and trombones and kettle drums sound the dread and strangely rhythmed motive of death (drums beaten with wooden drumsticks). There is elaboration of the life struggle and childhood motive. The transfiguration motive is heard in broader form. The chief death motive and the feverish attack are again dominating features. There is a wild series of ascending fifths. Gong and harp knell the soul's departure.

IV. The transfiguration theme is heard from the horn; strings repeat the childhood motive, and a crescendo leads to the full development of the transfiguration theme. "World deliverance, world transfiguration."

Olaf Trygvasson

UNFINISHED DRAMA BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

SET TO MUSIC BY EDVARD GRIEG

Edvard Grieg was born at Bergen, Norway, June 15, 1843. His mother, a woman of musical culture and a gifted pianist, was his first instructor. It was Ole Bull, the eminent violinist, who urged that Grieg be sent to the Leipzig Conservatory, in 1858, where the young Norwegian studied for four years. Returning to his own country in 1867, he founded the Musical Union at Christiania, which he conducted until 1880, when he took up his residence at Bergen, travelling as guest conductor in Germany, England and his own country. His compositions include piano pieces, songs, a concerto for piano and orchestra, and orchestra music. He died at Bergen, September 4, 1907.

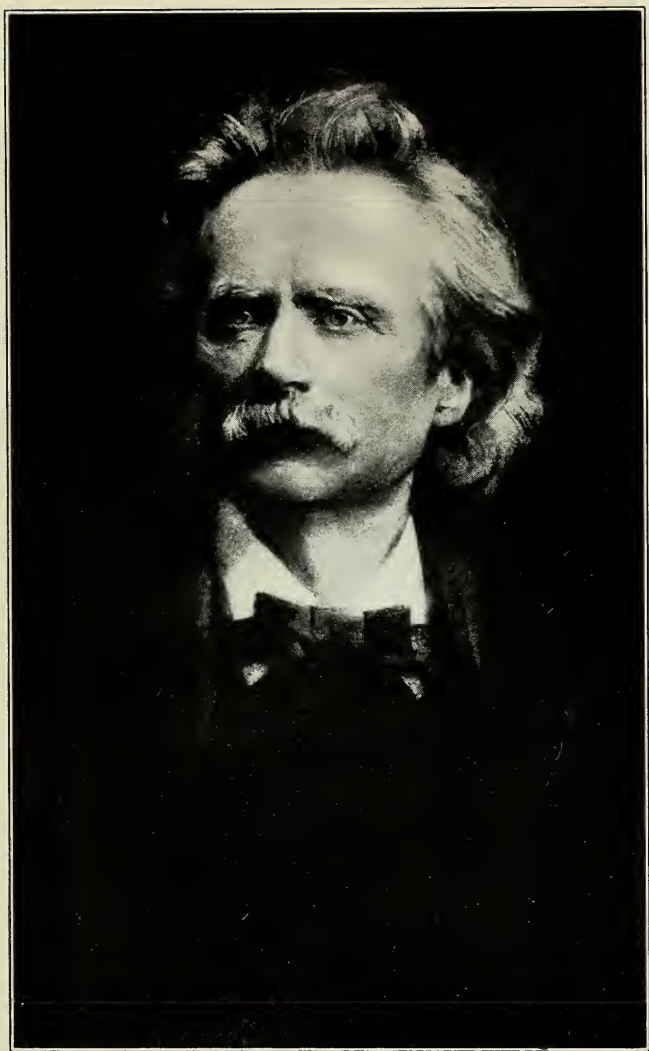
Olaf Trygvasson was the first Christian King of Norway. Carlyle called him "a magnificent, far-shining man; more expert in all 'bodily exercise,' as the Norse call them, than any man had ever been before him, or after him. Strangely he remains still a shining figure to us; the wildly beautifullest man, in body and soul, that one has ever heard of in the North."

The music, written for the unfinished drama of Björnsson, is wild, brilliant and fantastic. The scenes are laid in an ancient Norman temple in the Drontheim district. Forgotten gods are invoked by a High Priest, a woman, a prophetess, and the people, preparatory to waging war on Olaf Trygvasson.

During the First Scene, the High Priest and a Woman dramatically invoke the aid of all gods, while the people insistently cry to the gods, "Hear us; show our Fates the way to him, the god so long awaited."

In the Second Scene the Völva, "mighty prophetess," carves runes, disperses the evil spirits, invokes the sacred fires, and calls on the gods to show "where ye will strike the evil Olaf." Answer to the frenzied invocations comes suddenly in terrific flashes of lightning and fearful peals of thunder and the side of the temple is rent asunder. The people join with the High Priest in "outbursts of joy."

The Third Scene consists of a series of wild fantastic dances. Beginning with a steady rhythmic swing with gradually quickening tempo, the music portrays the excitement of the people as they purge the arms of war over the sacred fires, pledge anew their allegiance to the "Faith of our Fatherland" and frantically join in "games to the gracious gods."



Edvard Grieg

GODS, CHARACTERS AND PLACES MENTIONED

FRIGGA—the goddess of gardens and flowers.

BALDER—the summer god.

ODIN—chief of the gods, fountainhead of wisdom.

RUNES—characters corresponding to the alphabet, used by the early Teutons, Celts and Scandinavians.

FENSAL—the abode of Frigga.

TRUDFANG—the abode of Thor.

HLORRIDA—a seat from which to look out over the world.

BILSKIRNER—the heavenly abode of Thor, from the flashing of lightning.

ÆSIR—the god presiding over the stormy sea.

HEIMDAL—the call-horn bearer, keeper of the rainbow.

ULL—step-son of Thor, living in Ydaler.

NYÖRD—the god of ships.

ALFENHEIM—the god of fairy land.

LANDVIDA—the god of the forests.

TYR—name of the highest divinity.

IDUN—the goddess of spring.

SIF—the wife of Thor and mother of Ull.

SAGA—the goddess of history.

SKADA—a giantess.

VANIR—the goddess of the sea.

VALKYRIR—attendants and errand-maidens of Thor.

MITGARD—the Earth, the abode of men.

URDAR—the god of the past.

GIMLE—the abode of the righteous in heaven.

NORNIR—the three sisters, Past, Present, Future.

HEL—the goddess of death.

THUNDERER—the name of the war-god, Thor.

LOKI—the father of death.

AKETHOR—the name given to Thor, slayer of evil.

DRONTHEIM—one of Thor's abodes.

FREY—the son of Nyörd, the god of ships.

DISIR—guardian angels.

HAMINGJA—the horse, flight, the race.

VÖLVA—a sibyl, prophetess.

THE HIGH PRIEST,..... WILLARD FLINT

A WOMAN }
THE VOLVA }..... FLORENCE MULFORD

SCENE I

THE HIGH PRIEST—Thou to whom fancy lends many titles, giver of runes and of magic !

Working before the world's beginning, thou who outgazeest from Lidskialf :

CHORUS OF MEN—Hear us !

A WOMAN—Tender mother Frigga, sorrowing for Balder, bearing in thy bosom all worldly woe !

CHORUS OF WOMEN—Hear us !

THE HIGH PRIEST—Trudfang's Hlorrida, Bilskirner's fire-flame, thou of the strength-belt and hammer, shield of the Æsir and of the Northmen, ever the dread of the giants !

CHORUS OF MEN—Hear us !

A WOMAN—Beauteous weeping goddess, silent widow of Vanadis, love's distress thine own loss taught unto thee !

Let our tears of sorrow with thine own be mingled :

Thou who dost govern half of the living.

CHORUS OF WOMEN—Hear us !

THE HIGH PRIEST—Horn-bearing Heimdal, Ull in Ydaler, Nyörd, mighty North-dweller, hear us !

Alfenheim's joy, Landvida's sorrow, long-bearded minstrel, and thou Tyr :

CHORUS OF MEN—Hear us !

A WOMAN—Ever youthful Idun, Sif of golden harvests, Saga of the streamlet, Skada of hills,

All ye mighty, Æsir, Vanir and Valkyrir, hear our complaining, earthward, oh, hasten !

CHORUS OF WOMEN—Hear us !

CHORUS—Other gods are now arising : gods of power, gods of battle !

Help us, Mitgard trembles : gods alone with gods can wrestle !

Ye who from the Urdar fountain pour
 life-strength into our bosom,
 Ye alone who know his will, the Father
 of gold-canopied Gimle;
 Ye in Odin's ear who whisper softly as
 each day awakens,
 Ye who were the world's beginning,
 Ye who will be when 'tis wasted :
 Show us, show our Fates the pathway,
 show our Fates the way to him, the
 god so long awaited.
 Hear us !

SCENE II

(From an elevation in the foreground.)

THE VÖLVA—'Tis not enough that ye
 invoke Nornir and Aesir.
 Runes must be graven duly, evil to dis-
 perse from the pathway which to the
 gods doth lead.
 There see the gather'd host !
 Upon their horns howling to hide our
 voices, that the gods never may hear
 us !

CHORUS—O prophetess mighty, rise in
 thy magic !

Fill heaven and earth with Odin's word !
*(Raises herself so that she stands above all
 the others.)*

THE VÖLVA—Spirits base, basely mas-
 ter'd, ye who come from the South-
 lands : with Hel soon shall your feast
 be holden.

Plague shall gnaw, serpents send through
 your veins deadly venom.

Let Hel's hounds awake, howling and
 foaming monsters filled with madness
 for your blood, thirsting blindly !

For Hel no fitter food can afford them !

CHORUS—O prophetess mighty, great is
 thy magic !

Fill heaven and earth with Odin's word !

THE VÖLVA *(Who has been carving runes
 now continues to cut eagerly.)*—Spirits
 base, basely master'd, ye who come
 from the Southlands, to Hel soon shall
 your way be wended.

Evil ones, away, away !

The Thunderer's weapon awaits ye !

Runes I wrote on a staff I rent from the
 altar of Odin.

To Hel straightway its charm consigns ye !

Runes will lead Loki's lot unto the doors
 of his daughters !

With Hel ye shall devour that writing !

*(She casts the rune-staff upon the sacred
 fire, which immediately blazes up till
 the flames touch the roof. A fearful
 crash, ending in peals of thunder, which
 die away in the distance, shakes the tem-
 ple.)*

CHORUS—Wondrous word of Odin goes
 to black abyss, to heaven's height !
 Awful returneth the answer.

THE VÖLVA—Answer came from Hel,
 from high gods ; all fear it, yet not I :
 Now let us kneel to them !

Ev'ry path is free !

So I will pray them first !

Yes, I will pray them first !

Gods, ye holy, eternal gods !

Are ye here, then heed me !

Where find we the fiat which governs
 our fate ?

Where bends your balance, ordering all ?

Show, ah, show to me, ye mighty ones,
 where ye will strike the evil Olaf ?

Gods all-governing, endless, omnipotent
 Aesir !

I pray, devoted to Odin from my youth,
 by the grey wolf's heart, by the raven's
 tongue, by my sacrifice in sleepless
 night ;

I pray you !

Show me, mighty ones : where ye will
 strike the evil Olaf ?

*(Thunder ! The background of the temple
 is rent asunder. The temple is seen as
 if in the distance surrounded by smoke
 and flames. As long as the temple re-
 mains visible the thunder continues to
 peal.)*

THE VÖLVA AND CHORUS

(When the apparition has vanished.)

Here ! Here !

Hasten the holy ones !

In our hall he must enter, let him go in,
 ne'er to come forth again !

Let this be told to him : we will believe
 if he come safely forth !

This must be told to him : let his god
 go in to our gods !

(Turning toward the gods.)

CHORUS—Thanks ! Thanks for the token !
 solace it sends to us !

Thanks ! Thanks for the token, faith it
 confirms !

Choice of thy children, come then, oh,
 king, to us !

Come to thy children, strife will be short !

Now will the gods themselves go on their
 gladsome way,

Now will the gods themselves grant us
 thy grace !

Lit from our land by fire, lo he shall
 leave us,

Loki shall lighten him hence unto Hel :
 Three nights besought we, suing like
 son to sire ;

Three nights we pleaded, heard is our
 prayer !

(The High Priest takes a horn from the high place before the image of Thor; the elders do the same; with these at their head they all march round the three sacred fires, coming toward the front again, where the elders proceed to their seats on either side. When the High Priest has taken his horn he makes the sign of the hammer over it and proceeds to sing the following song, in immediate continuation of the foregoing.)

THE HIGH PRIEST—Raise high the horn, great Host-father Odin's horn, upheave it for him.

High altar-fires, and Akethor's hammer sign have hallowed it.

CHORUS—Gladly we join in games for the gracious gods, gladly we join in gambols of joy, gladly we join in outburst of joy.

SCENE III

(The younger ones prepare to dance. The men leap over the sacred fires and lift the women over on both sides. Then begins a Temple-dance, in which the principal features are: 1, a round-dance with continual change of partners. 2, a sword-dance in which shields are held over the women and meet the swords over the fires, while on their side the women hold swords before their warriors whilst these advance or retreat.)

CHORUS—Give to all gods a grace-cup of gratitude, give to the gods your greatest of gifts!

Horns fill for Akethor, Drontheimer's deity, fill them to Akethor's daring in fight!

Gaily then join ye games for the gracious god, gaily then join ye outburst of joy! Fill up to Nyörd and Frey, harvest and fish they send!

Harvest fair, haul of fish, to freedom and faith!

O ye Asynier, honor we offer ye, all ye Asynier honor and praise!

Nourish, oh mild ones, men with your mother-milk!

Nourish us, ye who move us with might!

Young men and maidens, grandsire and grandmother, honor for aye the gods ever green!

Glorious Disir gliding like doves around!

Glorious Disir death making glad!

Guarding ye follow friendly our future fate, guarding ye follow us,

Hail to your flight!

Fortune of fathers holdeth the Hamingja, and the race.

Earth-men and kobolds keeping the ground for us, hail to your kind!

Hail to the hugest spirit that hides in hills!

Hail, tiny elves who frolic in flow'rs!

Hail, our upholder, guardian of house and hall!

Hail, who upholdest harbor and holm!

Faith of our fatherland, love thou dost light in us, moving all men!

Faith of our fatherland, honor thou art to us!

Faith of our fatherland, fond and profound!

We will defend thee, fight for our father's faith, future be ours!

We will defend thee, source of our weal and woe, fount of great deeds!

Three nights besought we, suing like son to sire.

On the third night fair dream faces favor'd us!

On the third night we danc'd and we sang.

Gladly we join'd in games to the gracious gods!

Gaily we join'd in outburst of joy!

THIRD CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 2

Overture, "Sakuntala," Opus 13

CARL GOLDMARK

Born at Keszthely, 1832

"Sakuntala" is the title of an Indian drama which is not only the greatest literary effort of its author, Kalidâsa, but is—if we are to believe a number of authorities whose words are of considerable weight—one of the poetic masterpieces of the world. Kalidâsa lived, it is presumed, about the sixth century.

The attention of the world of literature was first drawn to the writings of Kalidâsa by the translation of "Sakuntala" made by Sir William Jones and published in Calcutta in 1789. So marked, indeed, was the interest aroused by the drama that German translations followed, one in 1791 by Forster and another in 1803 by Herder. The Sanscrit original with a French translation, appeared at Paris in 1830, its publisher having been the orientalist, Antoine Leonard Chezy.

The overture by Goldmark was produced for the first time at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Vienna, December 26, 1865, and it was one of the first works of the composer to make his name known to the world. The score of the work contains the following preface in explanation of the music :

"Sakuntala, the daughter of a nymph, is brought up in a penitentiary grove by the chief of a sacred caste of priests as his adopted daughter. The great king Dushianta enters the sacred grove, while out hunting; he sees Sakuntala and is immediately inflamed with love for her. A charming love-scene follows, which closes with the union (according to Grundharveri, the marriage).

"The King gives to Sakuntala, who is to follow him later to his capital city, a ring by which she shall be recognized as his wife. A powerful priest, to whom Sakuntala has forgotten to show due hospitality in the intoxication of her love, revenges himself upon her by depriving the king of his memory and of all recollection of her. Sakuntala loses the ring while washing clothes in the sacred river. When she is presented to the King by her companions as his wife, he does not recognize her, and repudiates her. Her companions refuse to admit her into her home and she is left alone in grief and despair; then the nymph, her mother, has pity on her and takes her to herself.

"Now the ring is found by some fishermen and brought back to the King. On his seeing it, his recollection of Sakuntala returns. He is seized with remorse for his terrible deed; the profoundest grief and unbounded yearning for her who has disappeared, overcome him. On a warlike campaign against some evil demons, whom he vanquishes, he finds Sakuntala again, and now there is no end to their happiness."

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Opus 67

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Born at Bonn, 1770
Died at Vienna, 1827Allegro con brio, C Minor
Andante con moto, A-flat major
Scherzo, C minor
Finale, C major

Instead of inquiring curiously into the legend invented by Schindler, that Beethoven remarked of the first theme, "So knocks Fate on the door!" instead of investigating the statement that the rhythm of this theme was suggested by the note of a bird,—oriole or goldfinch,—heard during a walk; instead of a long analysis,—let us read and ponder what Hector Berlioz wrote concerning this symphony of the man before whom he humbly bowed:

"This symphony, without doubt the most famous of the nine, is also, in my opinion, the first in which Beethoven gave free reign to his stupendous imagination, and rejected all foreign aid or support whatever. His first, second, and fourth symphonies are constructed on the old known forms, more or less extended, and infused with the brilliant and passionate inspiration of his vigorous youth. In the third—the *Eroica*—the limits are no doubt enlarged, and the ideas are gigantic; but it is impossible not to recognize throughout it the influence of the great poet whom Beethoven had long worshiped. Beethoven read his Homer diligently, in the true spirit of the Horatian adage—*Nocturna versata manu, versate diurna*; and, in the magnificent musical epic of which we are speaking, whether it were inspired by Napoleon or not, the recollections of the *Iliad* are as obvious as they are splendid. But, on the other hand, the symphony in C minor appears to me to be the direct and unmixed product of the genius of its author, the development of his most individual mind. His secret sorrows, his fits of rage or depression, his visions by night and his dreams of enthusiasm by day, form the subject of the work; while the forms of both melody and harmony, rhythm and instrumentation, are as essentially new as they are powerful and noble.

FIRST MOVEMENT

"The first movement is devoted to the representation of the disorder and confusion of a great mind in despair—not that concentrated, calm despair which appears outwardly resigned, nor the stunned, dumb distress of Romeo when he hears of the death of Juliet, but rather the tremendous fury of Othello, when Iago communicates to him the venomous calumnies which convince him of Desdemona's guilt.

"One instant it is a delirious rage venting itself in frantic cries, the next it is absolute exhaustion, in which the mind is filled with self-pity and able to utter mere groans of regret. Those convulsive gasps of the orchestra, those chords tossed backward and forward between the wind and the strings, each time feebler than before, like the difficult breathing of a dying man, the sudden, violent outburst into which the orchestra revives, as if animated with the fury of the thunderbolt; the momentary hesitation of the trembling mass before it falls headlong in two fiery unisons,

more like streams of lava than of sound—surely a style so impassioned as this is beyond anything ever before produced in instrumental music.

SECOND MOVEMENT

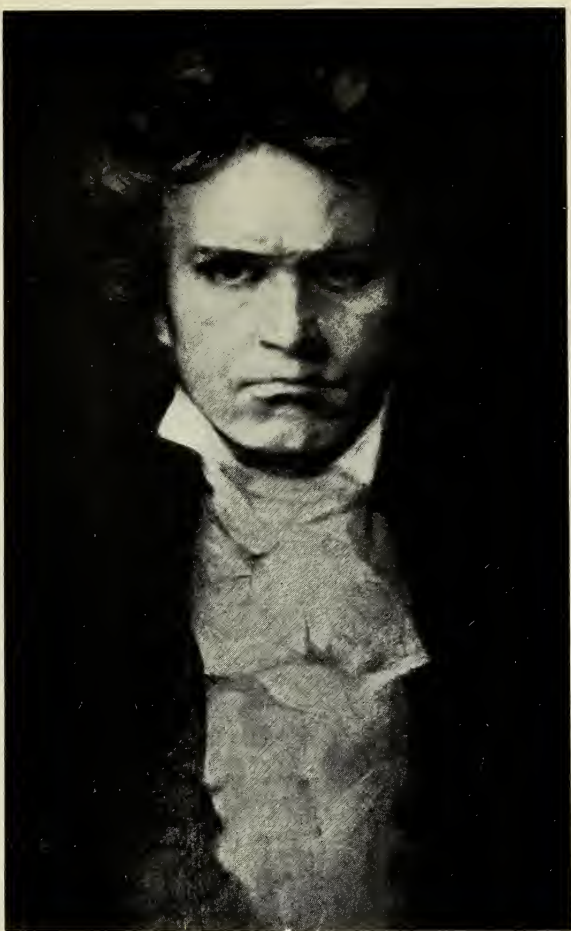
“The *andante* has some characteristics in common with the slow movements of the seventh and fourth symphonies. It shares the melancholy dignity of the one and the touching grace of the other. The subject is given out by the violas and 'cellos in unison, with a simple accompaniment, *pizzicato*, in the double basses. This is followed by a phrase of the flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons, with its echo in the violins, which returns no less than four times during the movement, and each time exactly as before, key and all, whatever changes may have been made in the principal subject. This persistence in a phrase at once so simple and so profoundly melancholy, produces by degrees an impression on the hearer which it is impossible to describe, and which is certainly more vivid than any impression of the kind that I ever remember. Beethoven has left a precious record of pathos in the fourth and last appearance of the melody, where, by a slight alteration of the notes, a trifling extension of the phrase, and management of the *nuance* all his own, he has produced one of the most touching effects to be found anywhere.

THIRD MOVEMENT

“The *scherzo* is an extraordinary composition; the very opening, though containing nothing terrible in itself, produces the same inexplicable emotion that is caused by the gaze of a magnetizer. A sombre, mysterious light pervades it. The play of the instruments has something sinister about it, and seems to spring from the state of mind which conceived the scene on the Blocksberg in ‘Faust.’ A few bars only are *forte*; *piano* and *pianissimo* predominate throughout. The middle of the movement (the trio) is founded on a rapid passage for the double basses, *fortissimo*, which shakes the orchestra to its foundation, and irresistibly recalls the gambols of an elephant. But the gamesome beast retires by degrees, and the noise of his antics is gradually lost. The theme of the *scherzo* reappears, *pizzicato*, the sound diminishing at the same time, till nothing is heard but the crisp chords of the violins and the droll effect of the upper A flat in the bassoons rubbing against the G. At length the violins subside on the chord of A flat, which they hold *pianissimo*. The drums alone have the rhythm of the subject, which they reiterate with all possible lightness, while the rest of the orchestra maintains its stagnation. The drums sound C, C minor being the key of the movement; but the chord of A flat, so long held by the strings, forces another tonality on the ear, and we are thus kept in doubt between the two. But the drums increase in force, still obstinately keeping up both tone and rhythm; the violins have by degrees fallen into the rhythm, and at length arrive at the chord of the seventh on the dominant (G), the drums still adhering to their C.

FOURTH MOVEMENT

“At this point, the whole orchestra, including the three trombones, hitherto silent, bursts like a thunder clap, in C major, and into the triumphal march which forms the commencement of the *finale*. The effect



Ludwig van Beethoven

of this contrivance is obvious enough to the ear, though it may be difficult to explain to the reader. With reference to this transition, it is sometimes said that Beethoven has, after all, only made use of the common expedient of following a soft passage in the minor by a burst in the major; that the theme of the *finale* is not original; and that the interest of the movement diminishes instead of increases as it goes on. To which I answer that it is no reflection on the genius of a composer that the means he employs are already in use. Plenty of other composers have used the same expedients; but nothing they have done can be compared for a moment to this tremendous paean of victory in which the soul of Beethoven, for the moment freed from its mortal drawbacks and sufferings, seems to mount to heaven in a chariot of fire. The first four bars of the subject may not be strikingly original; but the forms of the triumphal *fanfare* are limited, and it is probably not possible to find new ones without forfeiting the simple, grandiose, pompous character which is native to that kind of phrase. But Beethoven evidently did not intend to continue the *fanfare* style after the first few bars; and in the rest of the movement—even as early as the conclusion of the first subject—he quickly passes to the lofty and original style which never forsakes him. And, as to the interest not increasing as it goes on, the transition from the *scherzo* to the *finale* is probably the greatest effort of which music, in its present state of means, is capable, so that it would be simply impossible to have surpassed it.”

(a) **Andante**, from Concerto No. 4 in D Major.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Born at Salzburg, 1756
Died at Vienna, 1791

(b) **Mazurka**

- - - -

ARNOLD VOLPE

Born at Koonn, 1869

MR. WEISBACH

Hungarian Dances, (FOURTH SET)

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Born at Hamburg, 1833
Died at Vienna, 1897

The original inspiration which went to the composition of the Hungarian Dances may be traced far back in the career of Johannes Brahms. It was the appearance of the Hungarian violinist, Eduard Remenyi in Hamburg, and his performance in that city shortly after the Magyar revolution, which led the young German musician—Brähms was then about 15—to feel the fascination of Hungarian music. In 1853 Brahms and Remenyi planned a concert tour together. They devoted their mornings to arduous practice, and it was at this time that Brähms made extensive excursions into Magyar art under the impetuous guidance of his friend. It would even seem that Brähms prepared, or sketched, piano accompaniments for Remenyi's Friskas and Czardas; but if he pondered making arrangements of such pieces for himself, that project was long in arriving at realization. They were written for piano duet—arrangements for piano solo came out in 1872—and the popularity of these pieces exceeded that of any other work put forth by Brähms. It may be stated here that the themes upon which the German master built the dances were not his own.

A second series of Hungarian Dances appeared in 1880, in two books, as before. It was from the last book that Dvořák made his arrangements. In this series, he made extensive use of folk-tunes, although—as in the case of No. 14—some of it was his own original work. The third book was arranged for orchestra by Albert Parlow, the fourth—that performed at this concert—by Anton Dvořák.

No. 17. *Andantino*, F sharp minor, *Vivace*, same key.

No. 18. *Molto vivace*, D major.

No. 19. *Allegretto*, B minor.

No. 20. *Poco Allegretto*, E. minor, *Vivace*, E major. (The first tempo returns for the third part of the piece.)

No. 21. *Vivace*, E minor and major.

FOURTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 2

Faust

A LYRIC OPERA BY

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

Born at Paris, 1818; Died at Paris, 1893

THERE is a large literature open to those who wish to study the genesis of the legendary story of the magician Faust and his compact with the Evil One. In some of its features the legend is of vast antiquity, and its fundamental idea is older than Christianity. The tale got into literature by way of popular story at first transferred by word of mouth down the centuries, through ballads, puppet plays and the drama. Its elements are found in many of the products of mediaeval imagination. Men of learning, men whose accomplishments passed the comprehension of the simple folk, were in all ages held to be necromancers, dealers in the black art, bondsmen of the infernal powers. Such, among many, were Zoroaster, Democritus, Empedocles, Apollinaris, Virgil, Albertus Magnus, Merlin and Paracelsus. In the sixth century, Theophilus of Syracuse was said to have sold himself to the devil and to have been saved from damnation only by the miraculous intervention of the Virgin Mary. So far as his bond was concerned Theophilus was said to have had no less than eight successors among the Popes of Rome. Architects of cathedrals and engineers of bridges were wont to barter their souls in order that their great conceptions might find realization. It is easy to imagine how such beliefs arose when we reflect that the myth-making capacity is still alive in the human mind, and only needs a great stimulant to resume its activity. It was developed in the lifetime of recent generations when the superstitious peasantry of Bavaria saw a man in league with the devil in the engineer who ran the first locomotive engine through that country, and conceived the notion that the Prussian needle-gun, which had wrought such destruction among their soldiery was an infernal machine, for which Bismarck had given the immortal part of himself.

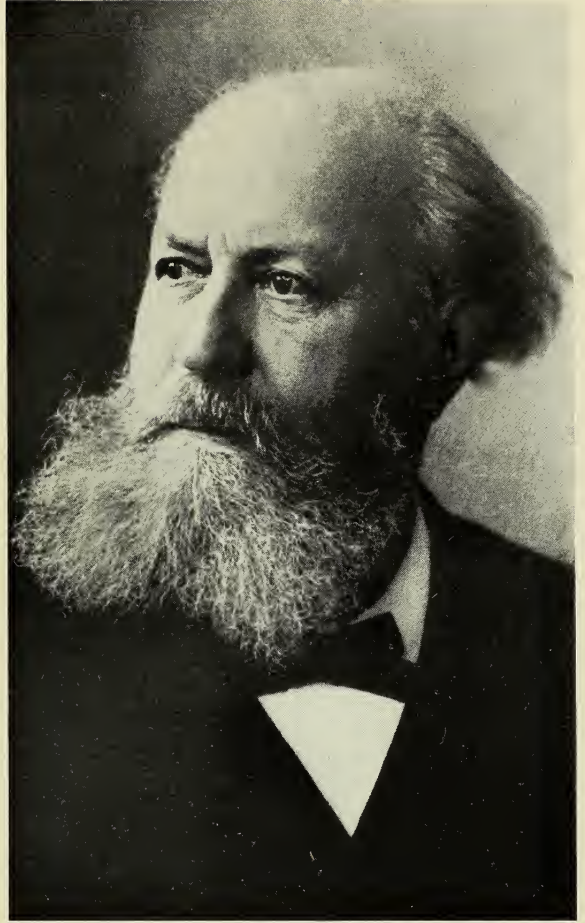
Poland has its popular tale of Pan Twardowsky and Bohemia its legend of Cyto, both wizards. Twardowsky, like Johann Fust of Mayence, was concerned with printing, and therefore practitioner of a really black art; and it was long and widely believed that Fust was veritably the Dr. Johann Faustus who practised magic toward the end of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, made a compact with Mephistopheles, performed many miraculous feats and died horribly at the end.

The real incarnation of the ancient superstition, however, was not Fust, the associate of Gutenberg and Schöffer, but John Faust, a native of Württemberg. He was a poor lad, but money inherited from a rich uncle enabled him to attend the University of Cracow, where he seems to have devoted himself with particular assiduity to the study of magic, which art, or science, then had a respectable place in the curriculum. After obtaining his degree he travelled about in Europe practising necromancy and accumulating a thoroughly bad reputation. To the fact of his existence we have the testimony of a physician, Philip Begardi, a theologian, Johann Gast, and the reformer Melanchthon. "This sorcerer Faust," said Luther's friend, "an abominable beast, a common sewer of many devils—*turpissima bestia et cloaca multorum diabolorum*—boasted that he, by his magic arts, had enabled the imperial armies to win their victories in Italy." Melanchthon says, moreover, that he had himself talked with the man; Luther refers to him in his "Table Talk" as one lost beyond all hope.

In a book published in Frankfort in 1587 by an old writer named Speiss, the legend of Dr. Faustus received its first printed form. An English ballad appeared within a year; in 1590 there came a translation of the entire tale, and this was a source from which Marlowe drew his "Dr. Faustus," brought forward on the stage in 1593 and printed in 1604. New versions followed each other rapidly, and Faust became a favorite subject of the playwright, romancer and poet. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, when Goethe conceived the idea of utilizing the subject as a medium for publishing his comprehensive philosophy of human life, it seems to have held possession of a large portion of literary Germany. Taken as a whole, it was in the mind of the master poet nearly all the time from his adolescence to his death; but while he was working on his original plan, literary versions of the legends were published by twenty-eight authors, and it had been essayed by no less a man than Lessing, whose manuscript, however, was lost. Goethe had known the legend from childhood, when he had seen some of the puppet plays based upon it. Music was a part of these plays. In the first version, to which I turn without thought of selection, I find the influence of opera manifest in recitatives and airs sung by *Mephistopheles*, and comic songs put in the mouth of *Kasperle*, who is the *Jack Pudding*, or *Punch*, of the German marionette fraternity. A musical pantomime, "Harlequin Faustus," by J. E. Galliard, was given in London in 1715, and a large number of comedies and farces with music, having the adventures of the magician for subjects, appeared before Goethe's version was known.

* * * * * * *

According to the statement made by Gounod in his autobiographic sketch it was he who proposed "Faust" as an operatic subject to the librettists. "In 1856," he writes, "I made the acquaintance of Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. I asked them if they were disposed to work with me, and to entrust to me a poem, to which they consented with great willingness. The first subject to which I called their attention was 'Faust.' This idea impressed them favorably. We went to see M. Carvalho, at that time director of the Théâtre Lyrique in the Boulevard du Temple. Our pro-



Charles Gounod

ject pleased M. Carvalho, and my collaborators set themselves immediately to work."

* * * * *

Incidental music to the stage versions of both parts of "Faust" has been written by such composers as Kreutzer, Reissiger, Pierson, Lassen and Prince Radziwill; but the compositions do little more than illustrate the truth of the old adage that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Some of the fragments which Schumann set for the concert-room are almost ineffable in their beauty, but they are not for the stage. Wagner's overture and Liszt's symphony are lofty translations of the spirit of some portions of the tragedy into instrumental language, but since the world began there has been but one composer fit to cope with the task of writing dramatic music worthy of marriage with Goethe's vast creation. That composer was Beethoven. He would not have profaned the sanctuary; and it is interesting to know that for a moment, at least, the thought occupied his mind and was crowded out by gigantic tasks already undertaken.

In his book, "Für Freunde der Tonkunst," Rochlitz tells the story how, in the summer of 1822, he carried a commission to Beethoven from Breitkopf and Härtel, the Leipsic publishers. It was for music to "Faust" in the manner of the "Egmont" music. He went about his mission carefully, so as not to precipitate an answer from the Titan, and adroitly turned the conversation on Goethe. After Beethoven had described his sojourn with the poet at Carlsbad, Rochlitz spoke of his poetry and the inspiring effect which it ought to have on the mind of a musician. "I know it—I know it," Beethoven interrupted, "since that delightful summer at Carlsbad I read Goethe every day—every day that I read at all. He has destroyed Klopstock for me. Does that astonish you? You laugh at the idea of my reading Klopstock? Well, I must confess I have read him for many years during my walks in the country. Did I always understand him? No. He begins too low, always *maestoso*, always in D-flat. But he is grand—he elevates the soul; and if I do not altogether comprehend him I can divine him pretty nearly. Only, he is always wishing to die, as if death did not come quickly enough. That is all very well in poetry. But Goethe—he sees, and all his readers see with him. That is the reason why one can put his words to music. I will say more; no one writes better for music than he."

"I seized this fortuitous opportunity," says Rochlitz, "and without more ado wrote my proposition on the slate. My heart beat rapidly as I handed it to him. He read it gravely—thoughtfully 'Ha!' he cried, 'that would be a piece of work! Something might come out of that!' And then, after a pause, 'but for some time I have busied myself with three other great works. Much of them is already hatched out—that is, in my mind. I must first rid myself of them—two symphonies differing from each other and both differing from my others, and an oratorio. All this will take much time. You see, for some time I have not been able to write readily. I sit and think, and think, and get it all settled, but it will not go on to the paper. A great work troubles me immensely at the outset;

once into it and it's smooth sailing.' The project of the two differing symphonies yielded the Ninth Symphony with its choral ending; the oratorio was one that he had undertaken for the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. On it he never fairly got to work.

* * * * *

The story of the opera is not long in the telling : *Faust*, an aged philosopher, has grown weary of life in his vain efforts to penetrate to a knowledge of the real essence of things. His latest vigil has lasted through the night, and as he sees the light of a new day he seizes a cup of poison to put an end to his existence. As he raises the cup the song of a company of maidens floats in at the window. It tells of the joy of living and the beauty of nature and its inspirations. *Faust's* hand trembles, but again he lifts the cup, only to pause again to listen to the song of the reapers going into the fields to work and hymning their gratitude to God. Enraged past endurance, *Faust* invokes a curse upon all that is good and summons Satan to his aid. *Mephistopheles* enters. He offers gold, glory, power; but they are declined. *Faust* craves youthfulness, with its desires, passions and delights. The fiend promises him all, and, when he hesitates, inflames his ardor with a vision of the maiden who shall be his. The compact is signed—the devil is to serve *Faust* here, but the relations are to be reversed below.

We are in the midst of the merrymaking at a town fair. Students, soldiers, old men, maids and masters sing their pleasures. *Valentine*, a soldier who is about to go to the wars, commends his sister to the care of *Siebel*, who loves her. *Wagner*, a student, attempts to sing the "Song of the Rat," but is interrupted by *Mephistopheles*, who volunteers a song of his own (*Le veau d'or est toujours debout*). He accepts a cup of wine, but it is not to his taste, and he miraculously causes a better vintage to flow from the carved sign of the tavern. He proposes the health of *Margarita*, and when *Valentine* attempts to resent the insult with his sword, draws a magic circle around himself, which protects him from the rapiers of the soldiers and his friends. They now suspect his true character and turns their cruciform sword-hilts against him. The merriment is resumed, and in the midst of it *Margarita* passes by on her way home from church. She declines *Faust's* offer to escort her, and *Faust* becomes more than ever enamored of her whom he had seen in the vision conjured up by *Mephistopheles*. The two conceal themselves in the garden of her home, having first placed a casket of jewels beside a modest bouquet of flowers left on her threshold by *Siebel*. *Margarita* enters, and, seated at a spinning-wheel, alternately sings a stanza of the "King of Thule" ballad and speaks her amazed curiosity touching the handsome stranger who had addressed her in the market-place. She finds the jewels, ornaments herself with them, carolling her delight the while, and is interrupted in her pleasure by the entrance of *Faust* and his companion. The latter draws away *Martha*, the neighborhood gossip, and *Faust* woos the maiden with successful ardor. Goethe's scene at the fountain becomes, in the hands of the French librettists, a scene in the chamber of *Margarita*, which, as a rule, is omitted in American and English representations.

The deceived maiden is jeered at and mocked by her erstwhile companions and comforted by *Siebel*. She has become the talk of the town, and evil reports reach the ears of her brother on his return with the victorious soldiery. *Valentine* confronts *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* while the latter is singing a ribald serenade at his sister's door. The men fight, and through the machinations of *Mephistopheles*, *Valentine* is mortally wounded. He dies, denouncing the conduct of *Margarita* and cursing her for having brought death upon him. *Margarita* seeks consolation in religious worship; but the fiend is at her elbow even in the cathedral, and his taunts and the accusing chant of a choir of demons interrupt her prayers. The devil reveals himself in his proper person at last, and she falls in a swoon. The Walpurgis Night Scene of the German poet furnished a suggestion for the ballet which fills the first three scenes of the fifth act. A wild scene in the Hartz mountains gives way to an enchanted hall in which are seen the most famous courtesans of ancient history—Phryne, Lais, Aspasia, Cleopatra and Helen of Troy. The apparition of *Margarita* appears to *Faust*. The distraught maiden has slain her child and now lies in prison awaiting death. *Faust* enters and attempts to persuade her to fly with him. Her poor mind is all awry and occupies itself only with the scenes of the first meeting and the love-making in the garden. She turns with horror from her lover when she sees his companion, falls upon her knees, and in an agony of supplication implores the pardon of heaven. She sinks lifeless to the floor; *Mephistopheles* pronounces her damned, but a voice from on high proclaims her saved. Celestial voices chant the Easter hymn, "Christ is risen !" and a band of angels bear the soul of *Margarita* heavenward.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

ACT ONE

INTRODUCTION

(*Faust discovered sitting at a table covered with parchments.*)

FAUST—Vain ! In vain do I call,
Throughout my vigil weary,
On creation and its Lord !
Never reply will break the silence dreary.
No sign—no single word.
Years—how many—are now behind me,
Yet I cannot break the dreary chain
That to mournful life doth bind me !
I look in vain; I learn in vain !
The stars grow pale;
The dawn covers the heavens;
Mysterious night passes away.
Another day ! And yet another day !
O Death, when wilt thou come
And bid the strife be over ?
What then ? Since ever Death avoids me,
Why should I not go forth and seek him ?
All hail ! brightest of days and last !
Without a dread am I the land of promise
nearing.

By thy spell of magic cheering
Shall the narrow strait be passed !
CHORUS (*Behind the scenes*)—Ah ! Care-
less, idle maiden,
Wherefore dreaming still ?
Day, with roses laden
Cometh o'er the hill.
The blithe birds are singing,
Now hear what they say,
Through the meadows ringing :—
"The harvest is so gay !"
Brooks, amid the flowers,
Murmur in the grove,
All of Nature's powers
Awaken to love !
FAUST—Foolish echoes of human glad-
ness,
Go by ! Pass on your way !
Goblet so often drained
By my father's hand so steady,
Why now dost thou tremble in mine ?
CHORUS (*Behind the scenes*)—Come forth,
ye reapers young and hoary !
'Twas long ago the early swallow

Went up where eye can never follow,
Yonder in the blue far away.
The earth is proud in harvest glory;
Rejoice and pray !

FAUST—Pray !

If I pray there is none to hear !

To give me back my love,

Its believing and its glow !

Accurst be every thought of earthly
pleasure !

And every early treasure

That in memory bind me below !

Curst the toys that have e'er allured me,

And, possess, no rapture secured me;

Visions of love or of affrays;

Be all happiness curst !

Accurst be human science,

Human prayer, human faith !

Accurst be patience—poor reliance !

Appear, O Satan ! appear !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appearing suddenly*)—
I am here !

Why does it surprise you ?

It may be my garb that annoys you ?

With sword at my side,

A plume in my cap,

And a purse well garnished,

A gay velvet cloak on my shoulder,

I travel as noblemen travel !

Speak out, wise man !

What is your will ?

At once—tell me—are you afraid ?

FAUST—No.

MEPHISTOPHELES—Do you doubt my
power to aid you ?

FAUST—It may be !

MEPHISTOPHELES—It were easy, try me.

FAUST—Begone !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Fie ! Is this how you
care to meet me ?

You ought to know, with all your skill,

That you should politely entreat me,

Not as you have done to-day,

Call for aid from afar away,

Then to say "Begone !" ere you greet me !

FAUST—Canst thou do aught for me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—All you will.

But tell me before what you would have.

Say, is it gold ?

FAUST—What is gold to one who has
learning ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Well, methinks I can
tell your yearning.

You long for glory ?

FAUST—No, for more !

MEPHISTOPHELES—For a kingdom ?

FAUST—No, I'd have thee restore

What outlives them all :

My youth it is I long for !

Be mine the delight

Of beauty's caresses,

Her soft, wavy tresses,

Her smile beaming bright !

Be mine the warm current

Borne through every vein,

Passion in a torrent

That nothing can rein;

The rapture whose pleasure

To time giveth flight !

O youth without measure,

Be mine thy delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES—'Tis well.

Be young and enjoy without measure,

For I can content your wildest cravings.

FAUST—And what fee do you ask in
exchange ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Hardly aught.

On earth I'll wait upon your pleasure,

But below you will wait on mine !

FAUST—Below ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Below ! Come on !
Sign it !

How now ? What affrights you ?

Would you more, ere you take the vow ?

Fairest youth here invites you;

See what I show you now !

(*Vision of Margarita at the spinning-wheel*)

FAUST—Heavenly vision !

MEPHISTOPHELES—And you ? Can you
love her ?

FAUST—Here then !

MEPHISTOPHELES—It is done !

(*Faust signs the parchment*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking the goblet*)—

Now it is done, master,

'Tis I who would invite you

To empty this goblet,

Wherein is foaming now

No deadly draught,

No poison for you,

Life and rapture !

FAUST—To thee ! O vision of beauty and
love !

(*Faust drains the goblet and is transformed
into a young man. The vision vanishes*)

MEPHISTOPHELES—Come !

FAUST—I'll meet her again ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—No question !

FAUST—When ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—To-day.

FAUST—Away, then !

Be mine the delight

Of beauty's caresses, etc.

MEPHISTOPHELES—Be thine the delight
Of beauty's caresses, etc.

ACT TWO

The fair (Kermesse)

CHORUS

STUDENTS—Still or sparkling, rough or fine,

What can it matter, so we have wine !
What if the vintage great be or small,
Your jolly toper drinketh of all !
Student versed in every barrel
Save water bright,
To thy glory, to thy love,
Drink away to-night !

SOLDIERS—Young girls, ancient castles,
They are all the same;
Old towns, dainty maidens,
Are alike our game !
For the hero brave and tender,
Makes of both his prey !
Both to valor must surrender,
And a ransom pay !

BURGHERS—Each new Sunday brings the old story,
Dangers gone by, how we enjoy !
While to-day each hot-headed boy,
Fights for to-day's little glory !
Let me but sit cosy and dry,
Under the trees with my daughter,
And while raft and boat travel by,
I drink to the folk on the water.

YOUNG GIRLS—Only look how they do eye us,
Yonder fellows gay !
Howsoever they defy us,
Never run away !

YOUNG STUDENTS—How those merry girls do eye us.
We know what it means;
To deny us, to decoy us,
Like so many queens !

MATRONS—Only see the brazen creatures,
With the men at play !
Had the latter choice in features,
They would turn this way.

ENSEMBLE

YOUNG GIRLS—One would allure them
They look so gay.
If it give you pleasure
You may rail away.
To a gentle lover,
We know what to say;
Tenderly moreover,
Take it as ye may !

MATRONS—If you secure them
What worth are they ?
What a display !
Boldness without measure
Is the mode to-day.

All of us disgracing,
By your vain display !
At a word embracing
People such as they.

BURGHERS—Come here, sit down,
And drink a drop I say !
My wife is scolding away;
It is her daily labor.
Come here, good neighbor,
And drink a drop I say.

YOUNG STUDENTS—No jolly rover need fear a "Nay."

Take me for thy lover, pretty one, I pray.
STUDENTS—Long live wine !
Still or sparkling, rough or fine,
What can it matter, so we have wine, etc.

SOLDIERS—Long live the soldier !

Be it ancient city,
Be it maiden pretty,
Both must fall our prey.
Comrades to your armors,
If the silly charmers,
Will provoke a fray;
If they meet disasters
Ere they own their masters,
Who's to blame but they ?
For the maidens pretty,
And the ancient city
Both must fall our prey !

VALENTINE (*Entering, hanging a charm about his neck*)—Dear gift of my sister,
Sanctified by her prayer !

However great the danger,
There's naught shall do me harm,
Thus protected by a charm.

WAGNER—Ah ! Valentine here !
'Tis the hour for marching !

VALENTINE—A parting cup, my friend,
If we ne'er drink another !

WAGNER—Why so dull ?
Thou, a soldier, unprepared to go ?

VALENTINE—I am grave, for behind I leave alone and young, my sister Margarita;

She has but me to look to,
Our mother being gone.

SIEBEL—I shall be always near her,
To guard her like a brother in thy stead.

VALENTINE—Thy hand !

SIEBEL—Be sure I will not fail.

CHORUS—We will watch o'er her, too.

VALENTINE—Even the bravest heart may swell

In the moment of farewell,
Loving smile of sister kind,

Quiet home I leave behind,
 Oft shall I think of you
 Whene'er the wine cup passes round,
 When alone my watch I keep,
 And my comrades lie asleep
 Among their arms
 Upon the tented battle ground.
 But when danger to glory shall call me,
 I still will be first in the fray,
 As blithe as a knight in his bridal array;
 Careless what fate may befall me,
 When glory shall call me.
 Yet the bravest heart may swell
 In the moment of farewell,
 Loving smile of sister kind,
 Quiet home I leave behind,
 Oft shall I sadly think of you
 When far away.

WAGNER—Have done my hearts !
 Have done with melancholy !
 Come what may,
 Let the soldier be jolly !

Some wine ! And let some hero brave
 Tune up forthwith a merry stave !

SOLDIERS—Some wine ! And let some
 hero brave

Tune up forthwith a merry stave !

WAGNER—A rat, who was born a coward,
 And was ugly too,
 Once sat in the Abbot's cellar
 'Neath a barrel new.

A cat,—* * *

MEPHISTOPHELES (*interrupting*)—A what?

WAGNER—Eh !

MEPHISTOPHELES—May not I, a stranger,
 Make one of such a jovial party ?

Pray, sir, conclude the merry stave
 So well begun;

And I will sing when you have done,
 A much better one.

WAGNER—Sing it now, then, at once,
 Or we shall call you boaster !

MEPHISTOPHELES—If you must, sirs, you
 shall;

I look to you for chorus.

Clear the way for the Calf of Gold !

In his pomp and pride adore him;
 East or west through hot or cold
 Weak and strong must bow before him !
 Wisest men do homage mute

To the image of the brute,
 Dancing round his pedestal,
 While old Mammon leads the ball !

SIEBEL, WAGNER AND CHORUS—While
 old Mammon leads the ball—
 Leads off the ball !

MEPHISTOPHELES—For a king is the Calf
 of Gold !

On their thrones the Gods defying;

Let the Fates or Furies scold—
 Lo ! his empire is undying !
 Pope and poet join the ring,
 Laureled chiefs his triumphs sing,
 Dancing round his pedestal,
 While old Mammon leads the ball !

SIEBEL, WAGNER AND CHORUS—While
 old Mammon leads the ball—
 Leads off the ball !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Striking on a tun sur-
 mounted by a figure of Bacchus, which
 serves as a sign for the inn*)

What ho ! Bacchus up there ! Some
 liquor !

Come while you can,
 And each one drink the wine
 Most to his taste.

While I propose the fairest
 Of the fair ones :
 Our Margarita !

VALENTINE—Enough !
 I'll either stay thy tongue,
 Or this moment I'll perish !

WAGNER—Come on !

(*All draw to attack Mephistopheles. He
 traces a circle round him with his sword*)

MEPHISTOPHELES—So soon afraid, who
 only now defied me ?

VALENTINE—My sword, O amazement !
 Is broken asunder !

SIEBEL, VALENTINE, WAGNER AND CHO-
 RUS—'Gainst the powers of evil,

Our arms assailing,
 Strongest earthly might
 Must be unavailing.

(*They reverse their swords showing the
 cross hilts*)

VALENTINE—But thou canst not charm
 us.

Look hither !
 Whilst this blest sign we bear,
 Thou canst not harm us !

CHORUS—But thou canst not charm us.
 Look hither !

Whilst this blest sign we bear
 Thou canst not harm us !

(*All retire leaving Mephistopheles alone*)

MEPHISTOPHELES—We're sure to meet
 again,

My fine friends ! So good-bye !

FAUST (*entering*)—What's amiss ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Bah !

Only talk, Doctor mine.

What is your will for me ?

And how best can I serve you ?

FAUST—First let me see her, that darling
 child,

Whom I saw as in a dream.
Or was it all empty vision ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Not so ! But you
may find it

Not easy to win her—
Task for no sanctimonious beginner.

FAUST—What matter, so I win !

Come ! If I cannot see her,
I'll stamp thy promise as a lie !

MEPHISTOPHELES—As you will. I'm
your slave on earth,

Ordained to do your will.
Soon this dainty treasure,
Too pure for such a sinner,
Shall be here !

While the dancers go so gaily by,
You may your fortune try,
And succeed !

CHORUS—Light as air at dawn of the
morning,

Our feet they fly over the ground,
To the music's merry sound.
For the flute and gayer viol,
Are to-day in cheerful trial
To make the dance go round.

MEPHISTOPHELES—How their dear eyes
are beaming !

Only see how every flower
Is waiting for thee to smile.

FAUST—Cease to whisper for a little
while,

And leave me alone with my dreaming.

SIEBEL—Weary I wait till she goes by,
Margarita !

CHORUS (*Some young girls approaching
Siebel*)—Why will you be shy ?

Must we ask you to dance with us ?

SIEBEL—No. Some more handsome one
try !

CHORUS—Light as air at dawn of the
morning, etc.

(*Margarita enters*)

FAUST—It is she ! Mine own one !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Thine own ! Hast
thou no tongue ?

SIEBEL—Margarita !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*stepping before Siebel
and barring the way*)—I'm here.

SIEBEL—Wicked monster ! Not yet gone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—It seems not, you see,
Since again we meet !

Not gone yet !

(*Margarita crosses the stage*)

FAUST (*accosting Margarita*)—High born
and lovely maid,

Forgive my humble duty,
Let me, your willing slave,
Attend you home to-day.

MARGARITA—No, my Lord, not a lady
am I

Nor yet a beauty;
And do not need an arm
To help me on my way.

FAUST (*gazing after her*)—By my youth !
What a charm !

She knows not of her beauty.
Angel of light, I love thee !

SIEBEL—She has departed.

MEPHISTOPHELES—What news ?

FAUST—But ill ! She would not hear me !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*laughing*)—Not hear ?
What will you do ?

It would seem, master mine,
I must teach you to woo.

CHORUS—What is this ? Margarita,
Who would not let a young
And handsome lord acquire her !
Go on again !

Light as air at dawn of the morning
Our feet they fly over the ground,

To the music's merry sound.

For the flute and gayer viol

Are to-day in cheerful trial,

To make the dance go round.

O pleasure enchanting,

Till breath be gone !

All glowing and panting

Let us dance on !

The earth it is reeling,

The bliss of a trance

Wildly are we feeling :

Long live the dance !

ACT THREE

(Garden before Margarita's house)

INTERMEZZO

SIEBEL *(alone)*—Gentle flowers in the dew

Bear love for me.

Tell her no flower is rarer—

Tell her that she is fairer,

Dearer to me than all,

Though fair you be !

Gentle flowers in the dew,

Bear sighs from me.

Tell my passion so tender,

Tell her I will defend her,

E'en my life will surrender,

Her knight to be !

(Plucking a flower)

'Tis withered ! Alas !

That dark stranger foretold me

What my fate must be !

Never to touch a single flower,

But it must decay.

Suppose I dip my hand in holy water !

'Tis here, when day is o'er,

That she prays—Margarita !

Yes, now I will try ! And this moment !

(Plucking another flower)

Can it be withered ? No !

Thou fiend—thy power is gone !

(Leaves flowers at Margarita's door)

Gentle flowers lie there

And speak for me ;

Say how weary my waiting,

How my heart is beating,

While to her in the air

I bend my knee.

Gentle flowers lie there

And speak for me !

If my love should alarm her,

May the flowers to charm her

Meet her lips to release

A tender kiss !

(Faust and Mephistopheles enter)

FAUST—Is it here ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Follow me.

FAUST—What is yonder you see ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Siebel, your rival comes.

FAUST—Siebel !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Hush ! He is here !

SIEBEL *(not perceiving them)*—Are my flowers not sweet indeed ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Indeed !

SIEBEL—No danger ! For I will warn her solemnly

Against the stranger,

And tell her all I hope—

All I could dare were she wronged,

How my arm should avenge her !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Brave avenger !

Now wait for me here, learned friend !

Since our flowers are laid out

To tempt the pretty maiden,

My gift I may venture to present,

Something, I ween, a trifle rarer,

To adorn a willing wearer !

FAUST—Get thee gone !

MEPHISTOPHELES—I obey—but shall return anon !

*(Retires)*FAUST *(alone)*—Whence comes this unwonted oppression ?

I feel how love of my heart hath possession.

O Margarita ! Here before thee I bend !

All hail thou dwelling pure and lowly !

Home of an angel fair and holy,

All mortal beauty excelling !

What wealth is here—

A wealth out-bidding gold,

Of peace and love

And innocence untold !

Bounteous Nature !

'Twas here by day thy love was taught her.

Thou here with kindly care

Didst overshadow thy daughter

Through hours of the night.

Here waving tree and flower

Made her an Eden bower

Of beauty and delight,

For one whose very birth

Brought down heaven to our earth.

'Twas here ! 'Twas here !

All hail ! Thou dwelling pure and lowly !

Home of an angel fair and holy,

All mortal beauty far excelling !

MEPHISTOPHELES *(re-entering)*—Attention ! Here she comes !

If yonder flowers my casket here outshine,

I'll consent to lose my power malign.

FAUST—Away ! I never will see her again !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Is your conscience awake ?

On the door's very threshold

The casket now I lay.

(Setting down the casket of jewels)

Now come ! Hope for the best !

(They retire. Margarita enters)

MARGARITA—I wish I could but know

Who was he that addressed me ;

If noble he of birth,

What his name and his station ?

Reigned a King in Thule of old,
Who unto death was true hearted;
And for the sake of one departed
Treasured up a goblet of gold.

(Breaking off)

He was gentle of bearing—
His voice was very kind.

(Resuming the song)

This rare cup so tenderly cherished,
Aye at his side the King did keep;
And every time it touched his lips,
He wept and thought of her long perished.
Over the sea at last came death;
On his couch the old King lying,
Called for the cup when he was dying,
Almost with his latest breath.

(Breaking off)

I knew not what to answer
And blushed like any child !

(Resuming the song)

Once more with the old true devotion,
The King would have his cup of gold,
Then with hand in death growing cold,
He flung the goblet in the ocean.
Nobles alone can bear them
With so bold a mein,
So tender, too, withal.
No more ! An idle dream !
Dear Valentine may heaven bless thee !
Bring thee home again !
I am left here so lonely.

(Sees the flowers)

A bouquet !
I know it is from Seibel,
Poor faithful boy !
But what is this ?
Who has left such a lovely casket here ?
I hardly dare touch it;
Though may be—
And here's the key, I think !
If I should try !
My hand trembles ! But why ?
To unlock it, I think,
Cannot harm anybody.

(Opens the casket)

O Heavens ! How many gems !
Is it a dream of delight
That charms my sight,
Or am I waking ?
O never in my life
Have I seen aught so lovely !

*(Puts down casket and kneels to adorn
herself with jewels)*

If I dared—only dared
For a moment to try
This lovely pair of earrings !
Ah ! And here just at hand
Within the little casket

Is a glass.

Who could resist it any longer ?

Ah ! the joy past compare,

These jewels bright to wear !

Is it thou, Margarita ?

Now reply, tell me truly.

*(Puts on earrings and looks at herself in
glass)*

No—no—this is not I !

No, surely enchantment is o'er me;

Some king's daughter I spy,

All are bending before me !

Ah, might it only be !

Were he but here to see !

Now as a royal lady

He would indeed adore me !

Here are more, ready to adorn me.

I can hardly wait

To try on this bracelet here,

The necklace yon.

Ah ! It is like a hand

Laid on my arm to oppress me !

MARTHA *(entering)*—Saints above ! Holy
angels !

How charmingly you look, my own dar-
ling !

Say, who gave you all these gems ?

MARGARITA—Alas !

I am sure they were left by mistake.

MARTHA—Not a bit ! Yonder jewels

Are yours, my dear young lady.

Yes, these gems are the gift

Of some noble admirer.

My dear departed spouse

Was not nearly so free.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(saluting)*—I believe
Madame Schwertlein is here ?

MARTHA—'Tis my name, sir.

MEPHISTOPHELES—Your pardon that we
venture

To intrude on you.

(Aside to Faust)

You will soon see

How welcome the jewels have been.

(Aloud)

Madame Schwertlein herself ?

MARTHA—I am she.

MEPHISTOPHELES—It afflicts me thus to
grieve you

With news that comes always too soon :

Your tender husband, madam, is dead,

And sends you his blessing.

MARTHA—Gracious Heaven !

MARGARITA—What is this ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Naught !

MARTHA—O distressing news !
O unlooked-for ill tidings !

MARGARITA—O my heart, how it trembles
With a joy past repressing !

FAUST—What joy to meet her eyes
Half afraid, half caressing !

MARTHA—For me you bring nothing
from him ?

METHISTOPHELES—No. Blessings are
cheap,
And lest you die of grief,
Seek for another, richer,
And with heart more tender.

FAUST (*to Margarita*)—Why take off what
suits you so well ?

MARGARITA—All these jewels are not for
me;

I may—I dare not wear them.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with affected ardor*)—
Happy will be the man
Who exchanges with you
The ring that seals your wedding !

MARTHA (*aside*)—Ah, bah !

(*Aloud*)

You say ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Alas ! How cruel my
misfortunes !

FAUST—Pray take my arm for awhile !

MARGARITA—I pray you excuse me.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Martha*)—Your arm !

MARTHA—How sweet a smile !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)—Time has been
when she was younger.

MARGARITA—Pray, keep me no longer !

MARTHA—He's no mean pretender.

FAUST—Soul so pure and tender !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Yes, she has been
younger.

MARTHA—And so you never take a rest ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Oh, no.

Hard on a man like me, so steady.

Not a friend, no home, no lady. Ah !

MARTHA—While one's young it may
have a zest,

But there's naught more doleful in nature,
Than an old unmarried creature.

MEPHISTOPHELES—Many a time, I
frankly avow,

Has that dreadful thought made me
shiver !

MARTHA—Before the time be past forever,
My noble sir, bethink you now.

MEPHISTOPHELES—That I will do.

FAUST (*to Margarita*)—But why are you
lonely ?

MARGARITA—My mother is gone; at the
war my brother.

One dear little sister I had,
But the darling, she too, is dead.
The angel ! Ah, and I loved her dearly.
I waited on her night and day.

All my care, alas, my devotion !
'Tis when they fill our heart's emotion,
They are taken by death away.

Soon as ever she awoke,
Then she would call me
And I must go.

She cared for none but Margarita.
Could I see her, my only sister,
I would gladly work as before.

FAUST—If the heavens, with a smile
entrancing,

Had but made her e'en like to thee,
She was an angel. That I can see.

MARGARITA—You laugh at me ?

Ah, indeed, I fear
Words like yours to hear,
For you laugh at me.
How can I believe you ?

'Tis wrong that I stay—
Hark to all you say.

Yet I stay and ponder !

FAUST—No, I adore you !

Wherefore do you fear ?

Heaven witness bear
That ne'er I'll deceive you.

Ah ! why say me nay, or delay ?
'Tis my heart speaks e'er fonder.

MARTHA—Sir, you do not hear,
Or that sneer is put on to grieve me.
Why hasten away, far to wander,
Ere aught one can say ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Do not be severe.
The time is near

When I must leave you.

If I now must go,
Do not think I'll forever leave you.

But how shall I say
That I fain would stay,
While you whisper yonder ?

MARGARITA—I pray you go—the night
comes on.

FAUST—Dear angel !

MARGARITA—Say no more.

FAUST—Ah, unkind one ! You will go ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Far too tenderly they
coo, now,
Away we hie !

MARTHA (*aside*)—What shall I do now ?
How now !

(*Aloud*)

He's gone away.

My lord—my dear lord !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Run after, now! Out!

This old harpy sweet and civil

By fair means or foul, I vow,

She would wed the very devil !

MARTHA—My dear lord !

My adored !

FAUST—Margarita !

MEPHISTOPHELES—It was high time !

Under the sombre foliage

Our lovers are approaching together.

'Tis well; let us leave them alone !

All their fondness to own !

O night, spread over them thy shadow !

O love, close thou their souls

To untimely remorse !

And ye, flowers of subtle scent,

Open wide every one,

Under this hand accursed !

Do your part to bewilder

The heart of Margarita !

MARGARITA—'Tis growing late, farewell.

FAUST—What, I implore in vain ! Delay!

Leave me thy hand

Still in mine for a moment.

Let me gaze on the vision

Before me, by the languorous light

From yon pale star of night

That so fondly lingers o'er me

As spell bound at thine enchanting sight !

MARGARITA—O what rapture ! Like a spell

Doth the evening enchant me !

How delightful its art !

I listen and I know

Why the voice e'er doth haunt me,

That sings within my heart !

Now turn away, I beg you.

FAUST—Tell me why ?

MARGARITA (*plucking the petals from a flower*)—A silly play. Now turn away.

FAUST—What do thy lips softly murmur ?

MARGARITA—He loves me—he loves me not—

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—
He loves me !

FAUST—Ay, believe on this flower

That opes to thee unsought;

May it be for thy heart

A sign from heaven above thee !

I love thee !

Dost thou feel how tender,

How sublime—to love ?

Ever to know and to renew

A flame transcending !

Still to delight again

In a joy never ending !

MARGARITA—Never ending !

FAUST—O tender moon, O starry heaven,

Silent above thee,

Where the angels are enthroned,

Hear as I swear

How dearly do I love thee !

MARGARITA—Yet once again, beloved one,

Let me hear thee !

'Tis life alone to be near thee,

Thine only, all thine own !

Speak, love ! Let me hear thee !

Ah, my beloved, I am thine

And thine alone !

FAUST—Margarita !

MARGARITA—Ah, begone ! I am reeling !

Ah, how I falter—

I faint with terror !

FAUST—Margarita !

Unkind one—to bid me thus depart !

MARGARITA—Ah, do not break the heart
of Margarita !

Begone—I tremble, I faint with fear !

FAUST—Margarita ! Ah, see my pain !

O fair and tender child !

Angel so holy, thou shalt control me,

Shalt curb my will, my passion wild,

I obey—but at morn—

MARGARITA—Yes, to-morrow—very early
—for aye !

FAUST—One word at parting !

Repeat again that tender word :

Thou lovest me !

(*Margarita hastening towards the house,
stops for an instant on the threshold and
throws a kiss to Faust*)

MARGARITA—Adieu !

FAUST—Were it already morn ! Ah—
away !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Why, you dreamer !

FAUST—Thou hast overheard ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—Merely chance.

You need it sadly, doctor mine,

That some one should send you to school
again.

FAUST—Let me be !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Pray only remain for
a moment

To hear what she is going to tell the stars,
Dear master.

(*Margarita opens her window*)

Behold ! She's opening her window.

MARGARITA—He loves me ! My heart is
so full !

The bird is singing the winds are sighing,
Every voice known in nature

Joins the tender refrain :—
 "He loves thee."
 Ah ! What a joy in being !
 The sky smiles on me,
 The air enchants me.
 Can it be in pleasure and love

That the leaf is trembling and pulsing ?
 To-morrow ! Ah, do not long delay,
 My own beloved. Come ! Come ! Ah !
 FAUST—Margarita !
 MEPHISTOPHELES—Ho ! Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha !

INTERMISSION

ACT FOUR

(A church. Margarita kneeling by the holy-water font. Organ heard within)

MARGARITA—O Thou, who on Thy throne
 Givest ear to repentance,
 Here at Thy feet let me pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES—No. Thou shalt pray
 no more.

Let her know, ere she prayeth,
 Demons of ill, what is in store.

CHORUS OF DEMONS (*behind the scenes*)—
 Margarita !

MARGARITA—Who is calling ?
 I am fainting. Ah, me !
 O, Lord of love, has my last hour,
 Full of torture, arrived ?

(A tomb opens and discloses Mephistopheles who bends towards Margarita's ear)

MEPHISTOPHELES—Think on days long
 gone by,
 When beneath angel pinions,
 Glad at heart, thou didst go
 To the temple of God yonder,
 Singing his praises and adoring thy Lord;
 When with faltering lips
 Fell a prayer pure and holy,
 In childish fearful voice,
 When thy mother imprinted
 Her kiss on thy heart
 And God was also there.
 Now hearken, now rejoice—
 All the demons below thee,
 Who shall follow thee e'er !
 'Tis everlasting remorse—
 'Tis anguish eternal,
 Borne through eternal night !

MARGARITA—God ! What voice can it be
 That ascends from the shadow ?
 Almighty Lord, what gloomy veil
 Now falls on me ?

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND BOYS (*behind the scenes*)—When that awful day shall
 lighten;

When His cross in Heaven shall brighten,
 Then the world shall vanish away.

MARGARITA—Alas ! Alas ! This pious
 chant
 Is even yet more dreadful !

MEPHISTOPHELES—No ! For thee there
 is no pardon in Heaven;
 For thee the skies have no more bright-
 ness.

No ! No !

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND BOYS—Where
 may I then find salvation ?

When the pure fear condemnation ?
 To my Lord what shall I then say ?

MARGARITA—Ah ! their chant oppresses
 and stifles;

A ring is round me of iron !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Farewell to nights of
 love,

To the days full of rapture,
 Thy heart shall fail !

Thy soul is lost !

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND BOYS AND MAR-
 GARITA—O Lord hear the prayer that
 we tender,

From hearts bowed in woe;
 Let a ray of thine awful splendor
 Thy children o'er flow !

MEPHISTOPHELES—Margarita ! Hope no
 longer—

Thy soul is lost !

(*Vanishes*)

MARGARITA—Ah !

SIEBEL—When all was young and pleasant
 May was blooming,

I, thy poor friend, took part with thee in
 play;

Now that the cloud of Autumn dark is
 glooming,

Now is for me too mournful the day,
 Hope and delight have passed from life
 away.

We were not born with true love to trifle,
 Nor born to part because the wind blows
 cold;

What tho' the storm the summer garden
 rifle,

O Margarita !

Still on the bough is left a leaf of gold.

(*Beneath Margarita's window. A march
 is heard. Soldiers enter returning from
 war*)

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS—Lay your arms
aside here,
For we are home again from the war.
Our mothers who cried here,
Our sisters and our wives
Shall wait for us no more.
Ay, when at home we regale them,
All the children, old men and maidens we
delight,
How they quake while we tell them
Of war and fearful fight.
Glory and love to the men of old,
Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
Both ready to fight and ready to die
For Fatherland.
Who needs bidding to dare
By a trumpet blown ?
Who lacks pity to spare
When the field is won ?
Who would fly from a foe
If alone or last ?
And boast he was true
As coward might do
When peril is past ?
Now home again we come,
The long and fiery strife of war is over;
Rest is pleasant after toil as hard
As ours beneath a stranger sun.
Many a maiden fair is waiting here
To greet her truant soldier lover;
And many a heart will fail
And brow grow pale to hear
The tale of cruel peril he has run.
We are at home !
Glory and love, etc.

(Soldiers retire. Night comes on)

(Enter Faust and Mephistopheles, the latter with a guitar)

MEPHISTOPHELES (throwing back his cloak
and accompanying himself on the guitar)—Catarina, while you sham asleep,
You contrive to hear;
Through the lattice shyly peep
And see your love is near.
To his mistress dear while creeping,
Thus sang her cavalier !
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Ere the tell-tale moon has risen,
So a bird did sing;
Lock thy heart like any prison,
Till upon thy hand is a wedding ring !
Catarina is so cruel—
Such a cruel miss;
Till your love shall bring the jewel
Ne'er to grant a kiss;
Though thy lover may assure thee
There is naught amiss.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Merry marriage bells are wiser,

Good advice they bring;
Bar the door like any miser,
Till upon thy hand is a wedding-ring !
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

VALENTINE (rushing out)—What is your
will with me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES—With you, my captain
splendid ?

Our humble serenade
Was not for you intended.

VALENTINE—My sister heard it better
than I—

That is sure !

FAUST—His sister !

(Valentine shatters Mephistopheles's
guitar)

MEPHISTOPHELES—Is there something
that bites you ?

Or maybe no music delights you ?

VALENTINE—No more insult—no more !
By which of you two

Shall I be requited

For name defiled—for laurel blighted ?

Which of you two shall be thrust by my
sword ?

(Faust draws)

MEPHISTOPHELES—Is it your will ?

Come on, my friend,

A chance for you !

Such an eye dark with blood

Enkindles, not appals me.

For a smile, since in his ire

I see good luck befalls me !

VALENTINE—O Thou who rules right,

Thou knowest the voice that calls me !

My sword shall find his heart outright

If death befalls me !

FAUST—His eye so stern and dark with
blood,

With fatal might enthralls me !

Is not a brother's vengeance just,

If death befalls me ?

VALENTINE (grasping the charm suspended
round his neck)—Thou charm, whereon
to shield my life

Frail Margarita's prayers were spoken

I will not have thee in the strife :

Begone—cursed token !

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside)—You will re-
pent it soon !

Such an eye, etc.

VALENTINE—O Thou who rulest right,
etc.

FAUST—His eye so stern, etc.

(They fight. Valentine is wounded and
falls. Mephistopheles and Faust dis-
appear)

MARTHA AND CHORUS OF NEIGHBORS—

Over here, one and all,
There were two fighting yonder.

'Twas there I saw him fall!

Only look! Here he is!

He is there, still alive.

Is he moving, I wonder?

Quick! Come along,

For he will need our aid!

VALENTINE—Too late! There's no need,

Good friends, to bewail me!

My heart in death will never fail me!

I have faced him too often now.

MARGARITA (*appearing in back*)—Valentine! Valentine!

VALENTINE—Margarita! 'Tis thou?

Why art thou here? Begone!

MARGARITA—O Heaven!

VALENTINE—A foolish quarrel! Her lover came—

I sought his life, who brought her shame!

CHORUS—Brought her shame!

SIEBEL—Pardon—pardon!

MARGARITA—O torture cruel—my doom is come!

CHORUS—Her shame has slain him!

He dies, struck down by him she loved!

VALENTINE—Mark well what I say, Margarita!

Whatsoe'er is to come,

Will come when sounds the hour.

To all comes death when it is time.

Every mortal must bow to the will sublime.

Hear!

Thou art well on the way of evil,

Thy snowy hands now have nothing to do!

Thou wilt deny, to live lightly in revel,

All that is right, good and true.

Go! May shame overwhelm thee!

Thy remorse ever grow!

When thy hour shall relieve thee,

Die! And though God may forgive thee,

Be accurst here below!

CHORUS—O dismay! Heaven defying!

So forlorn, yonder lying

While death is nigh.

For thyself pray, e'er dying,

Forgive her, as thou hopest forgiveness on high!

VALENTINE—Margarita! Be accursed!

Lonely in death once thou shalt lie!

I die by thy hand!

Like a soldier I die!

(*Expires*)

CHORUS—Now may the Lord take his soul

And forgive every sin.

ACT FIVE

(*Margarita asleep in her prison cell. Enter Faust and Mephistopheles*)

FAUST—Begone!

MEPHISTOPHELES—The day is dawning,

The scaffold has been raised,

Compel without delay

Margarita to join us!

The warden sleeps—the keys are here—

Thy mortal hand is needed to release her.

FAUST—Get thee gone!

MEPHISTOPHELES—Lose no time!

I will watch at the door!

FAUST—My heart is overcome with terror!

O, what anguish—

O fountain of regret

And everlasting remorse!

She lies here, within,

Tender and lovely being,

Imprisoned through her love for me

Like any hardened, vile delinquent!

Now her despair has unsettled her mind!

Her wretched child—O Heaven—

Was slain by its own mother!

Margarita! Margarita!

MARGARITA—Ah! 'tis the voice of my beloved!

My lonely heart revives at his call.

In the midst of your bewildering laughter,

Ye demons all around,

I have discerned his voice.

His hand—his tender hand doth touch me!

He will save me—he is here!

I hear him—I see him—ah, joy!

Yes—'tis thou—I love thee!

These chains, death himself!

No more can fright my breast!

Thee Heaven regave me!

Thou art come to save me!

'Tis thou, on thy heart I rest.

FAUST—Yes—'tis I—I love thee!

Though e'er to divide

The mocking demon tried,

Thee Heaven regave me;

I am come to save thee.

'Tis I—on my heart now rest.

MARGARITA (*her mind wandering*)—Ah

wait! 'Twas on the street here

Where you beheld me
The day when first we met;
Your hand so near came to mine,
I remember yet!

"High born and lovely maid,
Forgive my humble duty,
Let me your willing slave,
Attend you home to-day."
"No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty,
And do not need an arm,
To help me on my way."

FAUST—Well remembers my heart.
But now come—time is passing!

MARGARITA—And the garden I love is
here,
Odorous of myrtle and roses,
Where every eve thou camest in
With careful steps as night was falling.

FAUST—Come, come, Margarita!
Come, come away!

MARGARITA—No. No. Stay a moment!

FAUST—O Heaven! She does not under-
stand!

MEPHISTOPHELES—Away then—away
then!

Or you surely are lost!
If you longer remain
I will not pay the cost.

MARGARITA—'Tis the fiend! 'Tis the
fiend!

Dost thou see there in the shadow?
He glares on us with fiery eye.
What will he here?
From the church make him fly!

MEPHISTOPHELES—Away from the prison!
The morning is risen;
Hark with hoof resounding
My horses below
Are stamping the ground.
Come, let us go!

Perchance there yet is time to save her.

MARGARITA—My God protect me now!
I do implore Thee!

Angels pure—angels of light,
Bear ye my soul to Heaven so bright!
Almighty may Thy love ne'er leave me!
O Lord, I am Thine, forgive me!

FAUST—Come, ah, come, follow me!

MEPHISTOPHELES—Let us haste—the
hour is striking!

MARGARITA—Almighty, may Thy love
ne'er leave me.

I am Thine, O Lord, forgive me!

Angels pure, angels of light,
Bear ye my soul to Heaven so bright!
Almighty, may Thy love ne'er leave me
O Lord, I am Thine, forgive me!

FAUST—Come, follow me! Let us away!
See how the dawn doth invade the skies!
Come, 'tis I who would relieve thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES—See how the dawn
doth invade the skies!

Let us haste—let us go ere light!

Follow on—follow on!

Come, or here I will leave thee!

FAUST—Margarita!

MARGARITA—But why such a threaten-
ing look?

And why are thy hands reddened with
blood?

Go! I abhor thy sight!

FAUST—Ah!

MEPHISTOPHELES—Condemned.

(Disappears with Faust)

CHORUS OF ANGELS—Redeemed!
Christ is aris'n again!
Christ, o'er all victorious!
Peace and good will to men
Brings our Master all glorious!
Christ, o'er all victorious,
Christ is aris'n again!

The Festival Chorus

SOPRANOS

Adams, Hilah
 Alberger, Anna L.
 Alspach, Evelyn
 Anderson, Mrs. Katherine
 Atwater, Mrs. Nellie A.
 Baker, Mrs. Lena
 Ballard, Mrs. Ruth
 Bartholomew, Leila
 Becker, Elma
 Bement, Norma
 Bergen, Ruth
 Blackmer, Kathryn
 Blake, Helen
 Bovier, Martha
 Bragg, Maude
 Brown, Gladys
 Browning, Clara
 Bryant, Laura
 Burchfield, Edwina
 Bush, Bessie
 Chamot, Mrs. Cora
 Cook, Della

Cornell, Elsa
 Cowles, Mrs. Mayme
 Dann, Mrs. Lois H.
 Dilworth, Marie
 Driscoll, Clare
 Evans, Jeanette
 Faulhaber, Florence
 Flint, Helen
 Francis, Kathryn
 Frost, Jennie
 Griffiths, Mrs. Frances E.
 Harris, Rebecca
 Kennedy, Mrs. Nellie
 Keopka, Clara
 Kerr, Anna
 Kimmel, Mrs. Clare
 Kirk, Winifred
 Legge, Nina
 McKelway, Jane
 Michael, Colena
 Mills, Katherine
 Mitchell, Madalene

Moakley, Helen
 Nelson, Susanna
 Pardee, Katherine
 Payne, Vera
 Phelps, Ethel
 Rodgers, Mrs. Ruth
 Rogers, Marian
 Seaman, Maude
 Shevalier, Florence
 Smith, Lucile
 Snyder, Dorothy
 Stebbins, Edna
 Storms, Ruth
 Sullivan, Marian
 VanOrder, Beatrice
 Wait, Constance
 Webb, Martha
 Wilder, Bertha
 Williams, Agnes
 Wood, Mary
 Worden, Katherine

ALTOS

Anderson, Anna
 Breck, Mrs. Bessie
 Brown, Louise
 Bush, Nina
 Button, Mrs. Bessie
 Button, Gertrude
 Carmalt, Helen
 Chapman, Grace
 Chrisman, Anna
 Church, Madeline
 Clifford, Aristene
 Degener, Lyda
 Driscoll, Cecelia
 Edwards, Frances
 Fuertes, Mrs. Madge

Gushee, Marian W.
 Holmes, Jean
 Jacobs, Kittie
 Judd, Helen
 Leonard, Laura
 Lemon, Ellen
 Matrice, Cordelia
 McClanahan, Margaret
 Miller, Mrs. Frances
 Minns, Lua A.
 Murray, Elva
 Neipp, Elsa
 New, Frieda
 Nye, Claribel
 Pekary, Charlotte

Pollock, Lewette
 Potts, Marian
 Quarles, Mrs. Gertrude
 Rundio, Jean
 Saunders, Helen
 Shephard, Rowena
 Sherrill, Estelle
 Spalding, Helen
 Spencer, Bernice
 Stone, Dorothy
 VanKeuren, Helen
 Wilcox, Dora
 Willis, Mrs. Mabel
 Wilkinson, Olive
 Wright, Mary
 Yerke, Bertha

The Festival Chorus (continued)**TENORS**

Alberger, F. A.	Comstock, D. R.	Myers, W. I.
Allen, L. L.	Dick, L. L.	Obre, A. L.
Artman, W. A.	Evans, A. P.	Pearson, S. H.
Babcock, H. O.	Grant, S. M.	Pease, R. W.
Babcock, H. P.	Herd, G. B.	Rodgers, R. C.
Bareham, L. C.	Hill, R. L.	Rogers, A. N.
Bomeisler, C. M.	Holmes, J. D.	Russell, P. M.
Bond, M. C.	Holmes, F. R.	Sanford, B. E.
Browning, H.	Hough, L. C.	Severy, H. A.
Burns, T. F.	Howe, C. F.	Strahan, D. P.
Button, E. D.	Judson, E. L.	Unangst, W. R.
Carver, W. B.	Kittrell, J. E.	Weatherby, E. C.
Clapsattle, M. D.	Meaney, A. D.	Wendelken, G. M.
Clark, A. L.	Morgan, H. L.	Wing, P. W.
Clothier, R. W.	Myers, C. H.	Young, T. S., Jr.

BASSES

Bailey, F. B.	Gates, C. E.	Rebman, C. G.
Baldwin, D. L.	Gleason, E. H.	Reck, W. M.
Ballard, W. C.	Harrington, C. M.	Reichle, R. C. A.
Barker, E. E.	Hart, L.	Riley, E. H.
Bierma, A. G.	Hiett, S. J.	Roof, J. R.
Burdick, R. D.	Hotson, C. P.	Routh, J. R.
Carleton, M. S.	Hovey, H. K.	Russell, C. A.
Chapman, W. F.	Kalfur, F.	Saunders, G. G.
Chestnut, J. T.	Kellogg, D. W.	Sherwood, E. B.
Cleveland, W. E.	Knapp, P.	Smith, C. O.
Cowles, F. H.	Lewthwaite, H. W.	Smith, D. A.
Curtis, F. R.	McConnell, M. M.	Smith, D. B.
Danser, H. R.	McDaniels, L. H.	Tamblyn, C. M.
Davis, H. V.	Maynard, A. A.	Treman, R. C.
Deatrich, E. P.	Morgan, C. G.	Wagman, J. P.
Dimon, H. H.	Musgrave, C. W.	Warner, I. S.
Ensign, M. R.	Nicholas, G. L.	Weppner, E. K.
Fitch, A. D.	Perry, L. C.	Whitney, C. W.
Ford, S. M.	Phillips, W. P.	Wightman, G. E.
Fuertes, L. A.	Pickslay, W. W.	Willcox, H. J.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra

Founded by Theodore Thomas in 1891

FREDERICK STOCK, Conductor
FREDERICK WESSELS, Manager

FIRST VIOLINS

Weisbach, H.
Kortschak, H.
Zukowsky, A.
Ruinen, J.
Itte, F.
Van der Voort, A.
Steindel, A.
Nurnberger, L.
Rhys, S.
Bramhall, J.

SECOND VIOLINS

Woelfel, P.
Braun, H.
Barker, O.
Woollett, W.
Felber, H., Jr.
Rabe, H.
Busse, A.
Ulrich, A.

VIOLAS

Esser, F.
Dasch, G.
Meyer, G.
Schroeter, R.
Hesselbach, O.
Mittelstaedt, F.

VIOLONCELLOS

Steindel, B.
Unger, W.
Stoeber, E.
Du Moulin, T.
Felber, H., Sr.
Heinickel, A.

BASSES

Jiskra, V.
Parbs, H.
Wolf, O.
Maedler, R.
Speckin, W.
Gatterfeld, E.

HARP

Singer, W.

FLUTES

Quensel, A.
Baumbach, C.

PICCOLOS

Furman, J.
Schroeter, R.

OBOES

Barthel, A.
Stieglmayer, K.

ENGLISH HORN

Hesselbach, O.

CLARINETS

Schreurs, J.
Busse, A.
Parbs, H.

BASS CLARINET

Meyer, C.

BASSOONS

Kruse, P.
Rabo, H.

HORNS

DeMaré, L.
Pottag, M.
Frank, W.
Albrecht, C.

TRUMPETS

Llewellyn, E.
Hartl, J.

CORNETS

Ulrich, A.
Felber, H., Sr.

BASS TRUMPET

Andauer, E.

TROMBONES

Stange, G.
Gunther, A.
Kuss, R.

BASS TUBA

Otte, F.

TYMPANI

Zettelman, J.

PERCUSSIONS

Wintrich, M.
Wagner, E.

LIBRARIAN

McNicol, T.



3 0112 105622663